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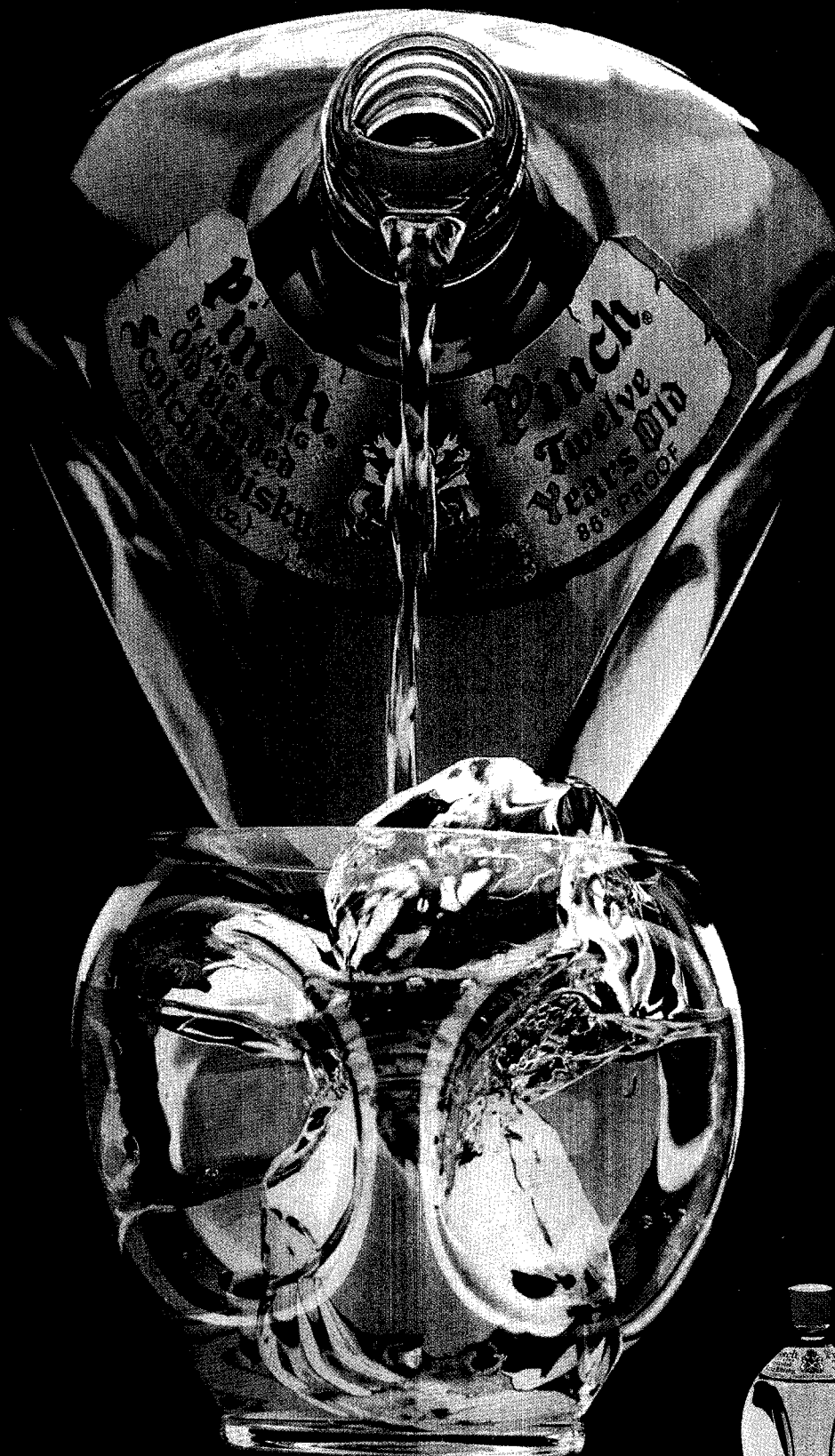
What liberals want from government includes what everybody else wants—security, prosperity, personal freedom, honest and efficient governance. But liberals also want more—an active remaking of society along more equitable lines, and promotion of humane values in the world. In making political judgments, it is often hard to resolve these goals. But judging Jimmy Carter is not hard. In four years as president, he has failed by both the general standards of competent administration and the special standards of the liberal agenda. He has made our society less prosperous without making it more generous. He has made this country less respected and feared abroad without making it more loved. Now Carter asks liberals to support him for reelection. We say no.

(continued on page 5)

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Reuss's Bold Plan

Lack of political accountability is the distinguishing feature of the American political system. We elect a president and he makes pledges during the campaign. Why doesn't he carry them out? Often, I think, because he can't. He is caught on the flypaper of governments and sub-governments, of committees and subcommittees, of agencies and sub-agencies which have effective veto power over action.

American voters have less ability to see party pledges carried out, I believe, than voters in any other democracy. Many voters say what's the use? and don't vote. Only 54 percent voted last time and the percentage has been dropping. Accountability has deteriorated since 1976. Party discipline has declined in Congress (particularly on the Democratic side), and the gap between candidates and parties has widened (Uncle Sam now pays much of the election costs, not the party). If Carter wins, a Democratic Congress will continue to thwart or delay him; if Reagan wins, he probably will have to deal with a hostile Congress from the start; if self-nominated John Anderson wins, he will have no party at all. To create an effective government is the biggest political problem in America.

Things have gotten so bad that remedies finally are being proposed by both parties. Henry S. Reuss, Democrat of Wisconsin, chairman of the House Finance Committee, wants to establish a new revolutionary Democratic Council, consisting of President Carter (if elected) and 300 top Democratic leaders. The council would meet imme-

diately after the election, and it would institute continuing advisory pressure to bring Congress and president together in formulating and activating policies. Obviously Reuss hopes President Carter will win. But in any case, he wants the Democrats to have an ongoing authoritative voice to restore the major missing ingredient in Washington: accountability.

There's equivalent action on the Republican side. On September 15 Reagan and Bush and congressional GOP leaders met on the steps of the Capitol with a sizable number of Republican House and Senate candidates from around the country. There they did a unique thing—they formally pledged accountability. If elected, they said, they would do what a political party in a parliamentary system automatically pledges to do: support a party legislative program, budget, taxes, foreign affairs, defense. They would attempt, in short (as Newt Gingrich, Republican of Georgia, explained later), to reverse the fragmentation of power among sub-governments in Washington, which has proliferated wildly, and often creates dangerous deadlocks, stalemates, and paralysis.

Back on the Democratic side, Reuss is deeply concerned, as most thoughtful people are, by the chronic chaos in American government, the "mess in Washington" which so many voters artlessly think can be cleared up just by changing parties or presidents, and not getting down to deeper causes.

Reuss's Democratic Council of 300 would be divided into three groups: the first 100 would be taken from Congress (one-third Senate; two-thirds House). This group would name 100 more from Democratic state, county, and local elected officials. A third 100 would be named by the congressional group from among distinguished, widely representative non-officeholding Democrats, including members of the continuing Democratic National Committee.

What would the council do? Why is it, Representative Reuss ponders, that when a presidential candidate promises, in all good faith, to balance the budget, say, and the party agrees, when he is elected his pledge isn't fulfilled? His spending and taxing proposals are disregarded, and there is no mechanism—no truth-in-packaging system—to guarantee the election pledge. German voters, writes John Vinocour in the *New York Times*, "consider a platform plank a kind of signed dealer's warranty." Theoretically US parties can be punished at

the next election. But how can you pin down responsibility? There are little vetoes scattered all over Washington like dandelions—bureaucratic agencies, jealous staffs, tyrannical subcommittees, a split between House and Senate, a split between Congress and president. Many reformers think nothing short of a constitutional amendment will do any good. Reuss thinks a lot can be done by adjusting America's unwritten constitution. Reuss's proposed council (if Carter won and Democrats continued their 26-year hold of Congress) would institute a continuing consultative body between Congress and White House. It would give advice on selecting Cabinet, sub-Cabinet, and White House staff. It would help formulate party policies and programs. One ingenious idea is that it would, in election years, make early recommendations on Democratic presidential nominees. These tentative nominees (maybe four of them, as Reuss proposes in his bold plan) would be ready on an equal basis for the ensuing state primaries.

These are audacious proposals. They indicate the intense dissatisfaction with the present eroding governmental system. Other ideas are likely to surface. Like the Republicans' symbolic pledge on the Capitol steps, the Reuss proposal shows the ferment here. Speaking personally, in 50 years covering Washington, I have never heard, until now, such dissatisfaction with the present presidential nominating process, the choice offered, the outrageous length of campaigns, the lack of governmental responsibility, and the overall decline of democratic accountability. America deserves a better government than it gets.

This is a dangerous situation. As Richard Rose writes in *Presidents and Prime Ministers* (American Enterprise Institute, Washington; \$8.25) responsibilities placed on the president have grown greatly since World War II; capabilities haven't expanded in proportion. "We may need to give as much attention to reinventing the state as to reinventing the car," he quotes one student. The American president must run a permanent national popularity campaign as a condition of influencing the government. It is dangerous to go on without accountability. The sub-governments make it difficult for the president to commit the nation's resources quickly and confidently to the achievement of policy abroad. It is hard to remember a time when allies worried more about America's economy or foreign policy.



A Journal of Politics and the Arts, Vol. 183, No. 14, Issue 3430, October 4, 1980. Published weekly (except the issues of January 5, July 12, August 9, September 13) and distributed by The New Republic, Inc., 1220 19th Street NW, Washington, DC 20036. Phone (202) 331-7494. Single copy, \$1.25; yearly subscriptions, \$28; foreign, \$31; students, \$17.

Copyright 1980 by The New Republic, Inc. (ISBN 0028-6583). Item g. Second class postage paid at Washington, DC, and additional mailing offices. Indexed in Readers' Guide and Media Review Digest. The New Republic is available on microfilm from University Microfilms International, 300 N. Zeeb Road, Ann Arbor, Michigan 48106.

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Contents

TRB from Washington	3	Reuss's Bold Plan
Comment	5	John Anderson for President
	7	Correspondence
	8	A Few Numbers
Morton Kondracke	14	Politics: Anderson Can Win
Ronald Steel	16	Arabian Nightmares
Daniel Schorr	18	The Trigon Caper
James North	20	The Euphemizers
Russ Hoyle	22	Cyprus Waits
		Books and the Arts
Stanley Kauffmann	26	Films: Midler and Muddler
John Passmore	27	Sex Education
Mary Jo Salter	30	Poem: "Two Pigeons"
Robert Alter	32	Lectures on Literature by Vladimir Nabokov introduction by John Updike
Julian Moynahan	35	The Storyteller by Alan Sillitoe
Edward N. Luttwak	36	Arabia, the Gulf and the West by J. B. Kelly
E. J. Kahn Jr.	38	Birth and Fortune by Richard A. Easterlin
	39	Brief Review
Joey Bonner		Literature of the People's Republic of China edited by Hsu Kai-yu
Hollywood Diarist	43	Hard Luck

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The New Republic is phototypeset and produced by 19th Street Graphix, Washington, DC.
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Anderson for President

(continued from front cover)

It is one thing to swallow doubts and support the Democratic candidate when he is a blur making amiable noises and there is the possibility of pleasant surprise. That is what many voters—and this journal—did in supporting Jimmy Carter in 1976. But when that candidate has confirmed all those doubts, to vote for him a second time is an act of political decadence. It is a ratification of failure that betrays both liberal principles and the principle of accountability. It is a message from us as liberals to the rest of the political community that the damage done under our banner has our blessing. More urgently, it is a message from us as citizens to those who would rule over us that we can be taken in by words and gesture; that we won't measure a politician's record against objective standards or his own promises.

This journal has a long history of refusing to settle. In 1968 we declined to endorse Hubert Humphrey over Richard Nixon because of Vietnam. Sometimes refusing to settle is a triumph of emotion over reason. But the similarities between 1968 and 1980 are not compelling. First, Hubert Humphrey was the leading liberal of his day, with one tragic flaw, Vietnam. Jimmy Carter was an unknown quantity when he usurped the liberal banner, and now has proven his unworthiness to carry it. Second, Ronald Reagan is not Richard Nixon. Third, this year we do not advocate sitting on

our hands. We can say no to Carter and Reagan, and yes to an articulated set of liberal views that don't carry the stigma of failure and betrayal. We endorse John Anderson.

President Carter lost us for good in the summer of 1979, when he tried to levitate the country from Camp David. That was when we became convinced that this is a man without a clue about how to govern, and without a scruple about what he will do to camouflage this fact. Do you remember? There were gasoline shortages. Inflation was rising. Virtually all of his legislative initiatives were dead. Sensing discontent at this state of affairs, Carter staged his most spectacular display of Rafshoonery. He retired to his mountaintop, there to contemplate the nation's plight. Days went by. Helicopter loads of professors, pop psychologists, distinguished elders, ethnic leaders, ministers, and politicians were flown up to share their thoughts. The vigil was interrupted only for sudden swoops down into startled communities to tap the wisdom of the common people. When the suspense about how long Carter could keep this up had become almost unendurable, he emerged to unload a lot of mystical mumbo-jumbo about a spiritual crisis in the land, then went back about his business. This is a president?

Jimmy Carter has met almost every challenge of his presidency by concentrating on the manipulation of imagery. In raising hokum to a new level of audacity

and sophistication, he has relied shamelessly on the voters' short memories, on their failure to connect word and deed (let alone deed and result). His malaise routine was the most dazzling example, his exploitation of the Iran hostages the most cynical. But there have been dozens of other episodes, like the time last February when he was simultaneously ordering a boycott of the summer Olympics to demonstrate the depth of his concern about Afghanistan, staging martial ceremonies to share the glory of American Winter Olympics medalists, and refusing to campaign or debate because he was worrying full-time about Iran.

Now Carter and his advisers are using every illusion in their corpus of legerdemain to avoid running on the record they have compiled. His television commercials, and indeed his whole campaign self-presentation, are simply images of presidentiality. The Carter people know that their record of accomplishments is indefensible. Jimmy Carter's leadership has been conservative in the sense that the Soviet leadership is sometimes called conservative: cautious, never making any change unless it can't be avoided, always reacting to crises and drifting the rest of the time. We're not sure this describes the Soviet Union, but it is a good description of United States government policy in both domestic and foreign affairs under President Carter. At a time when we need a drastic rethinking of how we do business at home and abroad, and comprehensive reforms that will cut through the Gordian knot of interest-group politics, we've had a president with no strong feelings about how things ought to be done beyond a pious wish that they be done better. The White House has been run by people with no history of ever having thought about the great issues of governance until the moment they began governing, and no vision beyond the next election.

Jimmy Carter said in 1976, "We've got a government of stalemate." This was an accusation against the incumbent. Now Carter's supporters use the same point as an argument on behalf of the incumbent. Carter tried, they say, but the system makes success impossible. Congress is too sullen; the interest groups are too powerful; the economy is too sick. The president may well be stymied by these forces, but this is hardly a reason to reelect President Carter. What has he done to address the underlying paralysis of government? Carter's bungling and evident lack of commitment made Congress even less cooperative than it was disposed to be at the beginning of his term. He has shown very little courage in standing up to special interests, and no leadership in persuading people that the special interest conspiracy against the general interest is one we all belong to. At what point does a presidential candidate stop getting credit for good intentions and start being measured by results? We think it's when he's running for reelection.

In 1976, Carter styled himself the artless outsider, uncorrupted by Washington and its evil habits. This year, in a typically brazen transformation, he is Mr.

Experience, a worldly statesman in a job for which anything less than incumbency is inadequate qualification. But Carter is not the only one who's experienced his presidency for the past four years. So have his constituents. It's time to show that we've learned from experience.

Carter's Record

President Carter deserves credit for a few genuine accomplishments. Most notable is the peace treaty between Egypt and Israel. Carter's Middle East record is not free of farce (remember the UN vote flip-flop?), and we have deep worries about what he might try in a second term; but at Camp David and in his later shuttle diplomacy, Carter displayed finesse and perseverance that paid off in a major step toward peace. The Panama Canal treaty merely recognized a just and historically inevitable claim, but Carter showed guts and skill in shepherding it through the Senate despite widespread hostility. Decontrol of domestic oil prices was another act of courage against unreasoning but powerful opposition, while getting the windfall profits tax that makes decontrol palatable required both determination and legislative skill. Deregulation of airlines, trucks, and railroads was a useful step toward remaking our economy along uninflationary lines. Carter's early stand against pork barrel water projects—despite some backtracking—was another admirable rejection of interest-group politics. Carter has generally been very good on the environment, for example in protecting the Alaskan wilderness. And he has placed record numbers of qualified minorities and women in judgeships and other government appointments.

But for every exercise of courage, consistency, skill, or wisdom during the past four years, there have been repeated demonstrations of cowardice, vacillation, clumsiness, and bad judgment.

Carter's most important failure has been managing the economy. When he became president, the unemployment rate was 7.4 percent and inflation the previous year had been 4.8 percent. Campaigning in 1976, Carter had added up inflation and unemployment to a "misery index" of 14, which he called "a travesty." In August 1980, unemployment was 7.6 percent and inflation the previous year had been 12.8 percent, for a "misery index" of over 20. The dollar of 1976 is worth 69 cents today. In 1976, Carter charged that the average worker's take-home pay was less, in real terms, than in 1968. It was: a fraction of one percent less. Today it is more than nine percent less than in 1976. Despite regular fireworks displays, Carter has done nothing of any consequence to alter the tragic trade-off between inflation and unemployment.

During the 1976 campaign, Carter called six percent inflation "terrible, unacceptable," but in fact he accepted this inflation rate without much fuss for the first 15

Correspondence

Suggestion for Freud

To the editors:

I am not an advocate of psychohistory, but I must protest Jack Beatty's conclusion that David Stannard's *Shrinking History: On Freud and the Failure of Psychohistory* is "very sound" (TNR, August 23). Since Beatty cites Stannard's use of Eysenck's 1952 paper, I assume he takes it to be one of Stannard's stronger arguments. The paper in question, however, was thoroughly refuted by Saul Rosenzweig as long ago as 1954.

Beatty also seems to accept a rather glib treatment of causation in Freud's writings. It would be fallacious indeed to say that "B followed A" means "A caused B," but I fail to find in Freud's works any clear indication that he accepted this notion of causation. (The Humean claim "B regularly follows A" means "A causes B" is quite different.)

Finally, Beatty's characterization of Freud as a "shameless suggester" has the ring of condemnation. Actually, there are two senses in which "suggestion" is used in Freud's works, only one of which deserves condemnation—and Freud himself rejected it. The unacceptable type of suggestion is persuasion, which is a superficial strengthening of resistances to the causes of the symptoms. Here suggestion is integral to the "cure." Suggestion, as Freud accepted and used it, is education, and might lead a patient to expose resistances so that the causes of the symptoms can become known and dealt with. Here suggestion merely aids the cure by guiding toward factors integral to it.

Maureen Sanders
Brooklyn, New York

Vietnam's recent history

To the editors:

Your effort to take Ronald Reagan to task for his temerity in questioning today's conventional wisdom that the war in Vietnam was ignoble ("Now It's Reagan's War," TNR, August 30) would have been more successful had you described Vietnam's recent history more accurately. For example, you said that the US provided aid to France between 1950 and 1954 to keep Vietnam under colonial rule. The Pentagon Papers show that American aid began four years

after the French began their fight to reconquer Indochina and only when the French accepted our condition that Vietnam, Cambodia, and Laos be given independent sovereignty, albeit within the French union. American policy, naively optimistic and ineptly executed in many instances, was not to promote colonialism but to replace it with genuine nationalism. This demanded that we oppose both the French and Communists in Vietnam. Had we succeeded in this endeavor, today there would be no Boat People dying in the South China Sea and there would be no concentration camps for hundreds of thousands of politically undesirable people in Vietnam.

When Diem refused to hold elections on unification of the two Vietnams, he made a mistake in public relations but did not violate any obligation binding his government. The Soviet Union then proposed that both Vietnams be admitted to the United Nations. John Foster Dulles refused because to do so would set a precedent for the continued division of Germany. That was a piece of real foolishness.

You gratuitously add the point that the people of South Vietnam sought reunification with the North. Not even the NLF would accept that assessment of South Vietnamese aspirations. Its program called for reunification at some point in the distant future. Coming under Hanoi's sway was never of burning moment for Vietnamese south of the 17th parallel. The legal premise behind the NLF's legitimacy was that South Vietnam was a sovereign state which needed only a change of government so that the "people" could come to power.

Of course, Hanoi never kept the NLF's promise and conquered the South in 1975 with conscripted teenagers following behind Soviet T54 tanks. But Hanoi's desire for unification should not be ascribed to the ordinary people of South Vietnam. As Reagan said, South Vietnam fell to conquest by a totalitarian neighbor.

You did correctly state that everyone would have been better off in some respects if Hanoi's drive southward had never been opposed. Indeed, many of the dead (and all of the American dead) would be alive if that had been the case. Yet your statement assumes that nothing

was at stake in the defense of South Vietnamese autonomy. In the case of Israel, your concern for its independence continues to outweigh your desire to save lives in that you have yet to recommend a policy of Israeli acquiescence to Arab suzerainty as a means to avoid havoc. Many South Vietnamese felt strongly that Hanoi should be resisted. Over one million South Vietnamese men fought for that end under conditions far more arduous than those faced by American troops in recent wars. Whenever they had a chance, the vast majority of South Vietnam's population chose Saigon's lifestyle over Hanoi's. I can't decide if your hostility to the South Vietnamese arises from ignorance or hypocrisy.

The tragedy is that while Vietnam was very much, to borrow your words out of context, a "war we should have been eager to win," you lost faith in the cause, having become blinded to the more profound values at stake by distracting incidentals. May the chickens that accompany American faithlessness never come to roost in countries closer to your heart.

Stephen B. Young
Cambridge, Massachusetts

'Misplaced Democrats'

To the editors:

I'm proud to be a "misplaced Democrat" ("Democrats," TNR, August 16) because coal mining is a dangerous occupation and coal does in fact create health hazards in the atmosphere. I am opposed to oil shale development because of my environmental concerns. I am against strip mining because it scars the landscape and threatens floods. I am against offshore drilling because of the danger of spills to fish and beaches. And, of course, I am against nuclear power. It may be a "guilty psychology" but without the "misplaced Democrats" our country would certainly be an environmental disaster. The corporations have no guilt over destroying our greatest inheritance. Nor do they live at Love Canal or Three Mile Island with the common people.

As far as this "misplaced Democrat" is concerned, it is the writers and the media like you that are creating the paralysis in this country.

Melodie J. White
Concord, California

A Few Numbers

Unemployment Rate

January 1977—7.4 percent
August 1980—7.6 percent

Inflation rate

1976—4.8 percent
latest 12-month period—12.8 percent

Consumer Price Index

January 1977—175.3
August 1980—249.4

Average take-home pay

(private sector production
worker with three dependents,
1967 dollars)

January 1977—\$90.83
August 1980—\$82.94

Gross national product (1972 dollars)

1976—\$1,273 billion
1979—\$1,432 billion

National debt

June 30, 1977—\$632 billion
September 17, 1980—\$892 billion

Price of gold

November 3, 1976—\$125.75
September 23, 1980—\$715

Cost of barrel of imported oil (delivered)

January 1977—\$13.61
August 1980—\$33.02

Amount spent on imported oil

1976—\$44.7 billion
1979—(preliminary) \$60 billion

Government-to-government arms sales agreements

1976—\$13.2 billion
1979—\$14.4 billion

Number of federal civilian employees (excluding Postal Service)

January 1977—2,119,037
February 1980—2,172,682

Number of pages in Federal Register

1976—57,072
1979—77,498

months of his administration. (No doubt he would gladly accept it again.) In April 1978, with inflation over seven percent, came the first of his many "plans" to deal with it. This plan consisted of hiring Robert Strauss as "special counsellor on inflation" to fly around the country and try to cajole prices down. It didn't work.

Next plan. In October 1978, with inflation up over eight percent, Carter announced a complicated system of "voluntary guidelines" to be enforced by Alfred Kahn and an expanded wage and price bureaucracy. He threatened to cut off government contracts for anyone who violated the guidelines, but never actually did so. He proposed a dubious system of tax incentives to go with the guidelines, but never pursued them through Congress.

In September 1979, with inflation well into double digits, Carter unveiled a "national accord" with labor leaders to create a Pay Advisory Committee and Price Advisory Committee to formulate new guidelines. Labor's condition for joining was that the guidelines not be enforced. Carter agreed.

In October 1979, as all previous inflation records were toppling, Carter's new Federal Reserve chief, Paul Volcker, decreed a severe tight money policy. This was the only serious anti-inflation move of Carter's administration. Carter had said in 1976, "I pledge

to . . . the American people that, if I am elected, we will never use unemployment and recession as a tool to fight inflation." But this was the essence of Volcker's move, and it had White House support.

In March 1980, with inflation running at 18 percent, Carter announced that he would balance the 1981 budget (submitted with a large deficit only six weeks before). He also ordered the Federal Reserve Board to impose credit controls, intended to induce a recession. The controls worked. The economy shrank faster in the second quarter of 1980 than any time since World War II. As for the balanced budget, in August Carter suddenly embraced "supply-side" economics and proposed various new spending initiatives and tax cuts, all of which will increase the 1981 budget deficit.

That's it so far: four or five (depending on how you count) "plans" to cure inflation, radically varied in design, all more show than substance, each presented as if it alone were the true cross. Yet while these grand schemes have come and gone, the Carter administration has continued old and created new government policies that maintain artificially high prices for special interest groups. Carter's innovations in the field of government-induced inflation include the 1977 International Sugar Agreement, whereby poor third world countries agree not to inflict too much of their expensive sugar on us, and the steel trigger-pricing sys-

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tem, which in effect sets a minimum price for steel and prevents imports from undercutting it. Just last week it was reported that the administration plans to increase the steel trigger price by 10 to 12 percent. Buy your car now.

In 1976 Carter said, "A government which cannot ensure for its citizens an opportunity to work does not deserve their support." Two weeks ago 26,200 people, mostly black, applied for 75 entry-level jobs with Social Security in Baltimore. Over four years Carter has proposed various jobs programs providing various mixtures of job training, government jobs, and incentives to private employers. They have suffered various fates, including fatal wounds by Carter himself in his budget-slashing phases. None has aspired to anything like guaranteeing a job to all who want one, which Carter promised. The Humphrey-Hawkins bill, endorsed by candidate Carter, was gutted of all content by Carter's operatives before the president signed the ruins with a flourish two years ago. Already Carter has used his authority to postpone its meaningless deadlines for reducing unemployment.

Carter is the first president with a full term to deal with the "energy crisis"—meaning, really, the problem of being too dependent on expensive and unreliable foreign oil. Oil imports have dropped from 7.3 million barrels a day four years ago to six million barrels a day recently. But the bill for imported oil has gone up from \$44 billion in 1976 to \$60 billion last year. Imports are down for four reasons: OPEC's price increase from \$13 to \$32 a barrel (plus delayed adjustment to earlier gouges); the recession; the Alaskan pipeline; and price decontrol. Carter deserves full credit for the last item, had nothing to do with the third, and presumably does not wish credit for the first two.

Other than decontrol, which it took him more than two years to come around to, Carter's various energy sparklers have contributed almost nothing to getting OPEC off our backs. These initiatives have been a characteristic mix of flashy gestures (declaring the "moral equivalent of war," creating the Energy Department), silly party favors (insulation tax credits), and grandiose boondoggles (Solar Energy Research Institute, Synthetic Fuels Corporation). There have been the usual zigzags. In 1975, candidate Carter criticized President Ford's proposal to waste billions developing synthetic fuels. Four years and a couple of energy "plans" later, during the gas lines panic of 1979, Carter—desperate for a bold move—descended from Camp David to propose spending \$88 billion to subsidize an energy source that won't be available for years, will cost far more than OPEC yet dreams of charging, and will savage the environment in the process.

Meanwhile, Carter has shied away from a stiff, rebated gasoline tax—the one government tool that would most dramatically reduce oil consumption. If Carter had decontrolled oil prices and pushed through a 50 cent gas tax at the time of his MEOW speech—and

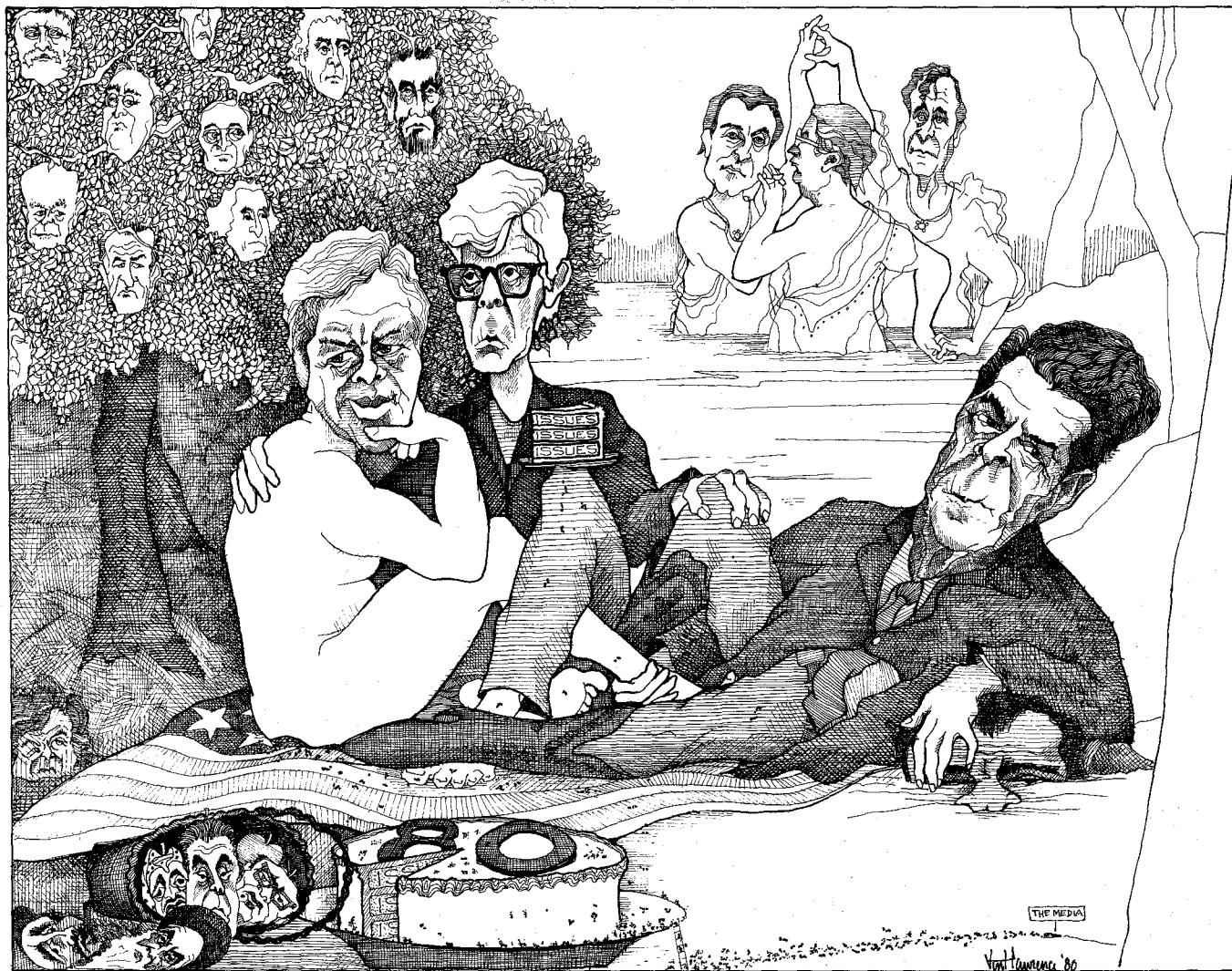
done nothing else—OPEC would have been unable to double its prices in 1979 and gasoline, despite the tax, would cost less than it does today.

The only special qualification candidate Carter offered the voters in 1976, apart from his basic goodness and honesty, was his alleged talent as an administrator of efficient government. Therefore he made a great point that it was "a top priority of mine to completely revise the structure of the federal government," to end the "bureaucratic mess," waste, and so on. We don't regard this as an especially urgent matter, but just for some comic relief, the results are as follows. There are more federal employees than ever. No Cabinet departments have been eliminated, and two have been added. One new department—Energy—already is notorious for mismanagement. The other new department—Education—was desired by no one except the National Education Association.

Carter's civil service "reform" turned the Civil Service Commission into three new agencies. As with energy conservation, Carter's incentive system for bureaucratic efficiency turns out to be all carrot and no stick. It is not significantly easier to fire an incompetent worker than it was before. The new "senior executive service" was supposed to be so risky that fewer than half the eligible top-level bureaucrats would volunteer for it; yet, according to the current *Washington Monthly*, it's such a gravy train that 98.8 percent have signed up. "Ear," the *Washington Star* gossip column, told recently of an assistant secretary of transportation who got \$20,000 from Carter's "incentive" program, then quit the next day.

Carter promised to reduce the number of federal agencies from 1,900 to 200, and to use "zero-based budgeting" to cut out wasteful programs. He eliminated some defunct advisory committees, but no single agency with a client group to protect it. The Law Enforcement Assistance Administration, for example, a pork barrel for police departments, started out on the cut list and ended up getting a budget increase.

On to a more serious subject, tax reform. "A disgrace to the human race," Carter called the tax code in 1976, promising to simplify it, eliminate loopholes and tax shelters, make it more progressive. The only reforms President Carter sent to Congress were a proposed squeeze on business expense deductions and a crackdown on tax shelters. He pushed neither and neither got anywhere. All three major changes in the tax law during Carter's administration have made it less progressive, not more so. There was a stiff increase in the social security tax—a flat levy on workers' wages that doesn't apply to income from capital or to salaries over a certain amount. There was a 20 percent cut in the tax on capital gains, a multibillion-dollar tax break where four-fifths of the benefit goes to the richest two percent of taxpayers. And the biggest loophole in the tax code, which was closed in 1976, was reopened in 1979, permitting profits on inherited property to escape tax completely. This



drawing by Vint Lawrence

loophole cost the government \$10 billion in 1980, with virtually the entire benefit going to the leisure class. Carter threatened to veto the change, but lost his nerve when it was attached to the windfall profits tax bill.

Regarding other long-standing items on the liberal agenda, Carter has been similarly two-faced. In 1976 he promised to push for a "national, comprehensive, mandatory health insurance program." He said he was "committed" to this, it was one of his highest priorities, he would act immediately, the usual. In the event, it took him three years to produce a desultory program consisting primarily of "catastrophic" insurance for the middle class, which he never pushed. An earlier hospital cost containment bill was rejected twice by Congress. In 1976 Carter also "committed" himself to handgun control, including a ban on Saturday Night Specials, but never even introduced legislation on the subject. Carter did keep his promise promptly to introduce comprehensive welfare reform setting federal minimum support levels. He watered down his program twice in attempts to get it through Congress, but so far without success. Meanwhile inflation has drastically reduced welfare benefits in most states.

The same absence of coherent strategy and commitment that has left Carter's domestic policy in shards has infected his foreign policy as well. In 1976 he wanted to pull US troops out of Korea and to slash the

defense budget. In 1977 he declared that the United States was now free of any "inordinate fear of communism." Then came a reversal. He did not pull the troops out of Korea. He has recommended defense increases of \$100 billion over the next five years. Afghanistan, he said, caused the scales to fall from his eyes about the Soviet Union. In his Democratic convention acceptance speech, Carter said that he is now a wiser man. His supporters say he has learned on the job these last four years and will do better next time.

But the cost of Jimmy Carter's education has been high, and his reversal doesn't leave us any more secure. An orgy of tough talk and machinery buying does not make American strength seem reliable in the world. Our European allies now hold Carter—and us, as a result—in something very close to contempt. Why shouldn't they? Carter mounted a vigorous campaign to persuade them to deploy the neutron bomb, only to forgo the weapon at the last minute, leaving them high and dry. Lacking a clear vision of his own, he allowed policy to be enunciated now by hawkish Zbigniew Brzezinski, then by dovish Cyrus Vance, and sometimes by super-dovish Andrew Young. The Carter deck of advisers has been reshuffled. Young is gone as a result of one of the administration's many fiascos at the United Nations. Only Brzezinski has survived. Recall those Brzezinski triumphs: racing the Chinese up the Great Wall, proclaiming that the winner could

attack Moscow; pointing an automatic weapon at Afghanistan across the Khyber Pass; declaring that the United States should go up in flames with the shah of Iran.

Carter appealed to liberals in 1976 with two idealistic foreign policy themes—reducing arms sales abroad, and making respect for human rights a standard in our relations with both allies and adversaries. In both these areas, the moral force of high rhetoric and some early achievements have been undermined by later extreme, often inept, exercises in realpolitik.

Carter said in his debate with President Ford, "We have become the arms merchant of the world," and promised shortly after taking office that in his administration arms sales would be "an exceptional policy implement" rather than the normal course of business. But after a brief drop, foreign arms sales are higher than ever. The 1978 sale of 60 F-15 jets to Saudi Arabia was a typical disenchanting episode. It was explained as a way to get Saudi moderation in OPEC and cooperation with the Camp David peace process. Skeptical senators were assured that the Saudis did not want and would not get extra parts needed to make the planes offensive as well as defensive weapons. The Saudis ostracized Egypt for making peace with Israel, doubled the price of oil, then came back last summer for those extra parts. The administration unofficially said the request would be honored in order to preserve our "ongoing dialogue" with the Saudis, but put off an official decision until after the election.

In human rights, Carter slid rapidly from Pollyannaish naiveté to world-weary cynicism, without much of a stopover in that middle ground where pragmatism and principle are in uneasy balance. A month after taking office, he sent a letter of support to Russian dissident Andrei Sakharov. But within a year he was toasting the shah of Iran as a leader beloved of his people, and had approved \$5.5 billion in arms sales for this "island of stability in one of the more troubled areas of the world." By last month, the administration was voting in the United Nations to seat Pol Pot's regime as the recognized government of Cambodia. When Polish workers rose up in August demanding their human rights, the Carter administration made clear to the world its wish that the whole episode should fade away as quickly as possible. No words of support were offered, for fear of inciting the Soviets. "Some people are concerned every time Brezhnev sneezes," Carter had said in 1977.

The Carter administration has overseen a giant step backward for nuclear arms control. In 1976 we were on the verge of a SALT II treaty with the Soviet Union. Carter's grandstanding and inept negotiations set back the timetable by two years. Meanwhile momentum was lost and hostility to the treaty had time to ferment. Carter completed the treaty in 1979, only to walk away from it in the face of a tough Senate ratification fight and the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan.

Nuclear proliferation is another area where principled rhetoric has melted into excesses of realpolitik like the current White House campaign to sell nuclear fuel to India, despite clear evidence that India has used past shipments to make bombs.

After three years without a serious international emergency to test him, Carter faced three major episodes in rapid succession starting about a year ago. He efficiently exploited them all for political gain, without improving any of the three undesirable situations. First, as a warm-up, came the revelation of 2,500 Russian combat troops stationed in Cuba. Though they had been there for many years and posed no threat to the United States, Carter gave this discovery full "crisis" treatment, sternly warning that the troops' presence was "unacceptable" and ordering a practice storming of the beach at Guantanamo. The fuss lasted a couple of weeks. The Russian troops are still there.

Next came the seizure of our embassy and its inhabitants in Tehran. At first Carter pulled out all the rhetorical stops, canceling all campaign appearances and suggesting that anything less than maximum hullabaloo—as well as any criticism of his own efforts—was disloyalty bordering on treason. When this technique started to backlash and when his dashing rescue attempt collapsed in tragedy ("an incomplete success," Carter called it), Carter performed the most cynical reversal of his administration. He announced that the situation was "alleviated," resumed campaigning, and adopted a policy of silence about the hostages. The hostages are still there.

Then came the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan, another rhetorical extravaganza ("could be the most serious crisis since World War II"), a few semi-serious gestures (including abandonment of SALT), then a fading of interest. The occupation forces are still there. Zero for three.

Finally, a word about the Carter administration's boast that it has not involved this country in a war (amended, after the Iran rescue disaster, from a claim that no American soldier had died in combat). Peace is a fine thing, but it is no special trick for the leader of a superpower to maintain peace for four years, if peace is the only goal. The challenge is to preserve peace while also protecting America's interests in the world. These interests include the ability to maintain peace and security in the future. Similarly, it is not difficult to avoid economic catastrophe, as Carter has done, if you are willing to think only in the short term.

Carter's reckless caution, his willingness to mortgage the future for serenity in the present, in matters of both economy and security, is symbolized by a matter that came back to haunt the US suddenly last week: the strategic petroleum reserve. In his MEOW speech Carter grandly announced that previous plans were inadequate: he intended to salt away twice as much—one billion barrels of oil by 1985—to give us leverage against future OPEC price increases and to protect us in the case of a cutoff. With Iraq and Iran dropping

bombs on each other's oil fields and trying to block the Persian Gulf, both these contingencies may arrive at any moment. We are not prepared. Reserve purchases stopped early in 1979 at only 92 million barrels. Carter recently declined to start them again, partly as another felicitation of the Saudis and partly to cut a billion dollars from the budget.

In 1980 we are only slightly less secure and respected in the world and only slightly less prosperous at home than we were in 1976. After four more years of Carter's inept but cautious leadership, we might be only slightly less secure, respected, and prosperous than we are now.

The Alternative

John Anderson's main asset is that he is not Jimmy Carter. In many ways he resembles the Jimmy Carter of 1976—a self-made candidate staking out liberal positions at odds with his past, and promising, in pious and humorless tones, the freshness and courage of the outsider un beholden to special interests. Trusting Anderson in 1980 is a bit like trusting Carter in 1976, except that the alternative in 1980 is Carter himself—a proven betrayer of his promise. At worst, Anderson will turn out to be another Jimmy Carter. At best, Carter will turn out to be the same.

Anderson's 317-page "platform" is a reasonably impressive collection of traditional liberal proposals, more moderate positions, and a few innovative ideas. It waxes eloquent about how interest-group politics has led to political stalemate and economic suffocation, and how only comprehensive reform will reassert the general interest. But it also swears fealty to various special protections for farmers, construction unions, artists, and others. It takes some courageous positions, such as the famous gasoline tax and reducing Social Security benefits. But it also resolves quite a few controversial issues by recommending commissions or further study.

On three important issues, Anderson distinguishes himself from both his opponents. First, he refuses to pander to the voters with promises of a tax cut until the government's house is in order. Anderson's emphasis on rebuilding the economy is not a flash in the pan, like Carter's, or an excuse for tax cuts, like Reagan's. This has been Anderson's issue all along; the other two have made it a campaign cliché. Second, he has a clear-headed energy plan based on conservation, devoid of boondoggles, with an appropriate understanding of price mechanism. And third, his defense plank emphasizes increasing the number and quality of military personnel while opposing costly machinery like the MX and the B-1. Anderson's refusal to fall for the nuclear quick fix to revitalize our military posture reflects a realistic judgment about what kind of wars we might actually have to fight. It is typical of his reflective, common sense approach to policy-making.

Even the newly remade Anderson does not endorse the entire traditional liberal agenda. He opposes some of the very items we've criticized Carter for failing to act on, such as national health insurance. In general he supports liberal positions that don't cost much—gun control, civil rights—and urges delay or moderation on the pricier items of social welfare. We don't always agree. Some of his reluctance, though, is based on a realistic sense of present possibilities and a justified skepticism about traditional bureaucratic-style reform. And at least he doesn't promise the moon with real emotional commitment and no possibility of delivering, as Carter did in 1976.

We can't know how deep Anderson's liberal commitment runs, of course, and the conservatism in his past is good reason for some skepticism. Carter supporters make much of this, especially Anderson's horrible Christ-and-Country constitutional amendment of the early 1960s. But Carter's professed liberalism is also of recent vintage. We don't know Carter's views on church and state 15 years ago, but we know that his views on civil rights were somewhat less advanced than John Anderson's back then. It's interesting to compare the two men's political conversions. Carter enjoys the great advantage, under present political dispensations, of having no long or deeply held political views to get in his way. In fact, he clearly never gave any thought at all to most important national issues until he began running for president in 1974 and could custom design his opinions for the purpose. Since then, Carter has redesigned his opinions as often as necessary to serve the political needs of the day—cut defense spending, increase defense spending, and so on. By contrast, Anderson has been thinking about and voting on national issues for 18 years. He started out as a rock-ribbed Republican from an Illinois backwater and—with no ulterior motive until very recently—gradually became more liberal. (For example, he has been voting against prayers-in-schools amendments for over a decade—a stand many less devout colleagues have feared to emulate.) We would like to think this is a natural process for an intelligent but cloistered mind as it opens itself to the facts of modern life. At any rate it has the smell of genuine intellectual conversion, and certainly no more of the reek of opportunism than Carter's self-creation.

The other principal charge against Anderson's campaign is that it is frivolous. This has meant three different things, which we treat in ascending order of importance. First is a cultural criticism: Anderson is the candidate of the Volvo crowd, the quiche eaters, the wine and cheese set. Anderson himself is not remotely from that world, but it is an accurate enough description of some of his supporters. So what? He will not force quiche on anyone who doesn't want it. The complaint is childish. Anyone sophisticated enough to have developed this kind of reverse snobbery ought to be serious enough to vote on substance, not image.

A related complaint is that Anderson's "national

unity" campaign, outside the two-party system, is politically frivolous, an outbreak of "goo-gooism" (defined roughly as a snooty belief that the most fundamental issues are "too important for politics" and should be solved by national consensus around the findings of distinguished panels). There is a whiff of mugwumpery around the Anderson campaign, to be sure, but this is not of its essence. At this journal, we believe in a strong, ideologically based politics which addresses itself to all the fundamental issues. We don't want John Gardner and Father Hesburgh running the country. But it is our traditional party, the Democratic party, that has abandoned serious politics in its choice of a leader who represents no coherent set of values. It is the people who say support Jimmy Carter no matter what he does or says, because of his label, who are being politically frivolous.

We also don't take seriously the alarm that a president from outside the two parties would be unable to get cooperation from Congress. For one thing, who can? Not Jimmy Carter. "I tried, but Congress wouldn't cooperate" is the chief refrain of his campaign apologetics. We suspect the party leaders in Congress would be badly shaken up by the presidential victory of an independent, and would be in a mood to appear cooperative. Surely our politicians are not so churlish that they would turn their backs on a colleague of 18 years, and a member of the congressional leadership for 11 years, just because he had the effrontery to get elected president without their help.

The most important sense in which Anderson's campaign is called frivolous is the charge that he cannot win. A vote for Anderson, it is said, amounts to a vote for Reagan. This is a powerful argument because instilling fear of Reagan has become Carter's entire reelection strategy. Morton Kondracke argues in the accompanying article that Anderson *can* win. But Anderson is a long shot, and it's always possible that your vote for Anderson will be the one that could have made the difference between Carter and Reagan. One thing to remember, if this logic weighs heavily on your conscience, is that mathematically a vote for Anderson is at worst *half* a vote for Reagan (it takes one from Carter's tally, but doesn't add one to Reagan's), and even this only if you would otherwise pull the lever for Carter. A lot of people who won't make the psychological commitment to Anderson, out of *Reaganangst*, are going to end up not voting for president at all. This is a bigger help to Reagan, by reducing the small chance Anderson could win, and it needlessly denies you the message power of an Anderson vote.

How bad would Reagan be—or, the correct question, how much worse than the incumbent? Based on his record as governor and his campaign image, he strikes us as another cautious, conservative sort who probably wouldn't do much of anything. He also would have Congress to contend with, and a Congress controlled by the opposite party. On the two most pressing issues—the economy and the military—Reagan's

program and Carter's are almost identical. Carter is calling and raising every Republican bet on defense spending, and Reagan has said he would preserve all current federal programs and cut only "waste." Reagan's most extreme views tend to be on subjects—like abortion, and church and state—where the president has very little power. Allegations that he would be quicker than Carter to start a nuclear war are unsubstantiable demagoguery.

From the speculation about Reagan's Supreme Court appointments, you would think that this was the president's main function. It is not. There is no reason to suppose Reagan would try to appoint morons or zealots who would undermine the Court's integrity, or would get away with it if he did try. He undoubtedly would try to appoint respectable legal minds of a conservative bent. He might not even succeed at getting conservatives; Supreme Court appointees have turned out to be surprisingly independent and unpredictable. Furthermore, as Joe Rauh and Arthur Schlesinger said in this journal last week, "Liberals have grown to depend on the Supreme Court as a crutch." A slim majority of lifetime appointees is not a very sound basis for a democratic political movement.

With their shared innate caution, and Congress there to stymie any radical moves to the right or left, either Jimmy Carter or Ronald Reagan is likely to mean four more years of drift. Possibly the same would be true with President John Anderson, but possibly not.

Anderson is an anomaly in the history of third candidacies. He is not a charismatic figure with a single great issue for his supporters to rally around. We think this is healthy. Anderson's supporters come to him undazzled, dispassionately, uncertainly, prepared for possible disappointment but not prepared to reward past disappointment. These feelings reflect a clear-eyed, skeptical view of the possibilities of politics, which is the correct view in this country now. But a vote for Anderson holds out the possibility of something better from our politics, and tells whoever wins that at least this voter wants something better. That's why we're voting for John Anderson on November 4.

Politics

Anderson Can Win

Probably the strongest argument being made against John Anderson's candidacy is that he can't win, that a vote for Anderson is "wasted." This line is peddled incessantly by the Carter campaign, which adds the warning that voting for Anderson will only help elect Reagan. It would be foolish to pretend that the odds favor an Anderson victory—Jimmy the Greek puts them at 25 to one against the possibility—but it would

also be a mistake for any potential Anderson supporter to give up the cause. Certainly it would be premature. The fact is that Anderson can win, but in order for that to happen his supporters must be resolute in their determination to vote for him.

Consider how far Anderson has come as a candidate since he announced his independent campaign in April. Against determined opposition from the Democratic National Committee, Anderson made it onto the ballot in all 50 states, with the possible (and significant) exception of Georgia. Despite almost universal disparagement from political professionals (including Republicans and Democrats who privately acknowledge that their own party nominees are disasters), Anderson attracted in former Wisconsin governor Patrick Lucey a running mate with wide political experience, connections, and respect. In the campaign, Lucey provides an attraction for liberal Democrats while Anderson attracts moderate Republicans. In an independent Anderson administration, Lucey could serve as a bridge to wary party pols while Anderson worked on the substance of governing. And despite the fact that Anderson's major appeal so far rests on public disgust with the two major party candidates, there is positive substance to the Anderson-Lucey campaign: a detailed, 317-page platform that speaks forthrightly (in many cases, imaginatively and courageously) to the major issues confronting the country.

There was considerable doubt in April whether Anderson could collect the money necessary to mount a competitive campaign against two parties equipped with \$29.4 million each in federal funds. There was doubt whether Anderson could assemble an organization capable of advancing his cause. And there was doubt whether he could sustain public attention through the summer, when the Democrats and Republicans reaped a bonanza of free publicity through their conventions. Anderson has done it all. Even though his campaign nearly went broke fighting for ballot access and could not buy the advertising necessary to convey his message to the public, his poll ratings dropped only from around 20 percent to 15 percent. Now the campaign ought to be on the upswing. Anderson's 15 percent was enough to get him into the first League of Women Voters debate, watched by 53 million people. He performed more than commendably against Ronald Reagan; in fact, the Harris poll showed that by 36 percent to 30, likely voters who watched the debate thought Anderson outperformed Reagan. Another 17 percent rated the two candidates as equal. Most political professionals anticipate that the debate will boost Anderson's overall support back in the neighborhood of 20 percent—only 15 or so points behind the two major party nominees.

Anderson's financial position has improved also. The Federal Election Commission has ruled that he is entitled to reimbursement for campaign expenses if he attracts more than five percent of the vote in November. This assurance can be used as collateral for bank

loans necessary to run the campaign. Anderson's managers accuse the Carter campaign of trying to discourage loans by leaking a legal memorandum implying that banks will risk losing their money if Anderson fails to achieve the five percent level and then could be accused of making illegal corporate contributions to a political campaign. In spite of this, they say they will have a consortium of banks in place by next week with, they hope, a kitty of between two million dollars and six million dollars. Meanwhile, private contributions are coming in at the rate of nearly \$500,000 a week. If the banks provide five million dollars and contributors ante up another four million dollars over the next six weeks, Anderson's managers say they can mount a full-blown advertising campaign rivaling Carter's and Reagan's. And there is reason to believe that Anderson advertising will be highly effective once it gets on the air; it is being devised by one of the best media managers and political strategists in the business, David Garth.

Anderson's financial situation is sound enough to send a clear message to those who support the independent: hang in there. If Anderson keeps gaining in the polls, banks and private contributors will come up with money. If the money comes in, Anderson can buy ads and attract more supporters. If he attracts more supporters, he can catch up to Carter and Reagan.

But it is Anderson's political situation that underscores the message. In straight three-way match-ups, Anderson's chances look, at best, not very good. The pre-debate Harris poll showed Anderson at 17 percent, with Reagan at 41 and Carter at 37. Most other polls showed Reagan and Carter tied at around 37, with Anderson at about 15. Statewide polls and unscientific surveys by journalists in key states have failed to turn up a single state where Anderson is leading. Pollsters asking voters whether they think Anderson has a chance of winning the election find that 50 percent give him no chance; 35 percent only a slim chance; and only 15 percent a good or fair chance.

But Harris and a few other pollsters have gone beyond straight match-ups to ask, "Now, suppose the polls showed that John Anderson had a real chance of winning the presidential election in November. . . . [Then] who would you vote for?" Instead of just 17 points, Harris found Anderson moving up to 26 points

Not Convinced?

We will publish a special enlarged Correspondence section of readers' reactions to this week's lead editorial in the issue of October 25. For the best chance of inclusion, letters should be short, specific, and typed.

nationally, against 39 for Reagan and 32 for Carter, well within striking range.

The results are even more dramatic regionally. Anderson actually leads in the east with 34 percent, to 32 for Reagan and 30 for Carter. In the midwest, he's practically tied (Reagan 34, Carter 32, Anderson 31) and is competitive in the west (Reagan 43, Carter 29, Anderson 26). It's only in the south that Anderson is nowhere (Reagan 47, Carter 37, Anderson 14). Outside the south, Harris's composite results are Reagan 35, Carter 31, Anderson 31.

But most significant of all, in the biggest eight states in the country—with a total of 216 electoral votes of the 270 needed to win the election—Anderson leads with 34 percent to 33 for Reagan and 29 for Carter. These Harris results are bolstered by the only state polls which ask the "what if . . ." question. The respected Field poll in California shows Anderson leading in Reagan's home state with 36 percent to 31 for Reagan and 20 for Carter. A *New York Post* poll had similar results for New York State: Anderson 33, Carter 22, Reagan 21.

What these results suggest to Anderson strategists is that Anderson can carry probably seven of the eight biggest states—New York, California, Illinois, Pennsylvania, Michigan, New Jersey, and Massachusetts (but not Ohio)—for a total of 191 electoral votes. Based on Anderson's good poll showings in the east, they suggest he could carry Connecticut (eight electoral votes), Vermont (three), Rhode Island (four), and Maryland (10), bringing him up to 216. In the midwest, Anderson's people see a possibility of carrying Lucey's Wisconsin (11), Iowa (eight), and Minnesota (10), for a total of 245. And in the west they think there is a chance for Anderson to carry Washington (nine), Oregon (six), Colorado (seven), and Hawaii (four), putting him over the top at 271.

Just looking at this list of states, it's obvious that an Anderson victory remains not just a tall order, but a gargantuan one. It requires that Anderson broaden his appeal. In the Harris "what if . . ." poll, Anderson leads Reagan and Carter among 18- to 29-year-olds. He's ahead of Carter among college graduates, professional people, and proprietors of businesses. He is far ahead of both major party nominees among Jews. Anderson needs blue-collar voters and Catholics, whom he doesn't have. But he does have a chance. Harris shows Anderson not far behind among union members with 27 points, to 36 for Carter and 34 for Reagan, and even among Catholics with 33 percent, to Reagan's 33 and Carter's 31. Although Anderson's appeal is widely thought to center in the suburbs, Harris actually shows him more competitive in the cities with 31 percent, to 33 for Reagan and 34 for Carter.

What all these numbers are based on, however, is the premise Anderson partisans will keep the faith. The Harris results show that if people think Anderson has a chance, then he has a chance; if they don't, then

he doesn't. Does he have a chance? Well, we should all know in less than a month—say, by October 20. By then Anderson has to be up to at least, say, 25 percent against Carter and Reagan in the straight polls—and gaining. He has to be ahead in some state polls, probably starting with New York, where he is on the Liberal party line along with Jacob Javits, and in Massachusetts. If none of this happens, then Anderson probably can't win and will (most polls indicate) tilt the election to Reagan. So those who are for him now ought to campaign like hell for him—and give their money, too—until November 3. If on election morning he does have a chance, then they ought to vote for him, too. If he doesn't, that will be the time to give up the game and pull the lever dejectedly for Carter or Reagan.

Morton Kondracke

The US is stuck.

Arabian Nightmares

A funny thing happened to the Dutch boy. Just when he had sunk all his savings into a brand-new hole-proof concrete dyke absolutely guaranteed to hold back the Red tide, a tornado blew up from the other direction and knocked down his house. That's just about what has happened to the US in the Middle East. The Carter administration's big military build-up in the Indian Ocean—a build-up that Reagan, if given the chance, would likely pursue in spades—and the hasty effort to assemble the so-called Rapid Deployment Force have been rendered virtually irrelevant by the outbreak of war between Iraq and Iran.

The whole point of the administration's multi-billion-dollar military effort is to ensure an unimpeded flow of oil from the Persian Gulf into the furnaces and engines of the United States, Western Europe, and Japan. What could block such a flow? Why only the Soviets, of course, whose major objective in life, we are told, is to shut off our spigots. Well, that may be the ambition they are harboring in their black hearts. But a lot of others are much better placed to do it faster, cheaper, and easier. For example, the people who live in the Middle East. In fact, they've done it before in 1973. And it was OPEC, not the Soviets, who raised the price of oil tenfold in the past half-dozen years. So far as the assorted emirates, monarchies, theocracies, and quasi-military dictatorships of the Middle East are concerned, what is really crucial is their pecking order with one another. Next to that vital interest even an unimpeded flow of dollars, marks, and francs into their Swiss accounts takes second place.

We are seeing this phenomenon today at the entrance to the Persian Gulf. There the great oil refinery

at Abadan, on the Iranian side, and the petro-chemical complex at Basra, on the Iraqi side, are in flames. Iran's oil shipments to Japan and the West, already sharply curtailed by the Khomeini revolution, have been cut off. Even worse, so have those of Iraq, whose daily shipments of 3.3 billion barrels have made it the world's second greatest oil exporter. The Iranians, in anger and desperation, are threatening to block the Strait of Hormuz, the narrow channel through which 40 percent of the non-communist world's oil moves from the Gulf. Any prolonged cutoff of supplies could have a catastrophic effect on the very life, not to mention the precarious finances, of every industrial country in the West. This includes the United States, which, though it receives little or no oil from Iraq and none from Iran, is pledged to pool its resources with its allies in the event of emergency.

How we got ourselves into such a fix, how we allowed ourselves to become abjectly dependent, and every day increasingly dependent on access to a commodity over whose price and even whose assured supply we have no control, is another story. There's a fool's tale to be written one day about how the Western world blindly signed away its future in a stupor of absent-mindedness, self-indulgence, and careless disregard for its own future. And how it then found the cause of all its misfortunes to be not its own folly but in the imagination of its adversaries.

That's a story for tomorrow. But the one for today is whether there is anything that the United States could have done to prevent, or could now do to rectify, the current threat to its life-blood. The Carter administration and the Reagan forces that hope to succeed it have their answer. A little American muscle, they tell us, will do the trick. A little muscle to the tune of some \$25 billion for the creation of a roving gendarmerie capable of intervening anywhere in the world: the projected 100,000-man Rapid Deployment Force. The Middle East base for this force would be a 12,000-man Marine brigade at Diego Garcia backed up by airfields and ports in Egypt and along the Indian Ocean, a dozen new mammoth supply ships, and 130 of the new CX jet cargo planes.

This tidy little parcel was put together during the panic following the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan. Prodded by militants from within and antagonists from without, the administration felt it had to do something. The RDF, with its multi-billion-dollar contract and its fire-fighting imagery, promised something for both the Pentagon and the public. If the Cubans could do it, so could we. Swept aside were questions of how it would work and whether it might get us involved in wider wars. But few were willing to raise those questions. We have, remember, put the Vietnam syndrome behind us.

What sounded like windy rhetoric in January has now turned into a reality. Although the RDF is still on the drawing boards, the Pentagon has designated

200,000 troops plus another 100,000 reservists for emergency duties in the Middle East—in other words an entire new command structure has been set up, one designed to parallel the forces in Europe, Japan, and South Korea. Where are these troops coming from? Not from any increase in American forces, but by draining them from existing units. One-fifth of the Army's active divisions, one-third of the Marine Corps, and half the Navy's carrier battle groups have been allocated to the Middle East. This leaves NATO weaker than it has been, and the Europeans are going to find it difficult to take up the slack.

All this effort is, of course, to defend the oil fields of countries like Iran and Iraq from Soviet invasion. Yet all along this has been a shaky assumption. It posited first of all that the American gendarmerie would be welcome in countries which—even when friendly, like Saudi Arabia—have refused to join any outside military alliance and treat foreigners as invaders. It assumed that the United States—despite the hostage-rescue fiasco, the hazards of enormous distance and unfriendly terrain, and the fact that any Middle East intervention would be taking place in the Soviets' backyard—could send Americans into combat against Russians without triggering a general war. And above all, it assumed that the gravest threat to the West's oil supplies came from the Russians.

None of this made much sense from the beginning, and would never have been proposed if the administration hadn't panicked after Afghanistan. What was obvious then, and indeed has been obvious for years, is that the major threat to the West's oil supplies comes not from the Soviets but from internal upheaval within the region itself. The countries of the Middle East, some of them independent nations for only a decade or two, are going through a series of concurrent revolutions. They have been thrown headlong and without preparation directly from the Middle Ages into the technocratic 20th century. The internal cohesion of their societies has been ripped apart, the family structure threatened, the relationship between classes and the sexes overturned, religious values ignored or defied, and the traditional meaning of life questioned.

Of course they are in upheaval. The real question is whether the US can do anything much about it by force of arms. The RDF, even if it were in place today

Coming:

**Tad Szulc on the Return
of the Unthinkable.**

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Books That Talk.

rather than in preparation, could neither have prevented the war between Iran and Iraq, nor ended it. It cannot prop up the tottering Saudi monarchy, protect the emirates from their more powerful neighbors, or prevent the destruction of the oil fields. The most absurd and self-defeating thing one could imagine is an American president ordering US troops into action to settle a war between two Moslem countries. It would be hard to conceive a surer recipe for disaster or one from which the Soviets could profit more. The most the US could hope to accomplish with a mobile brigade is to keep open the Strait. The oil fields are too dispersed and too vulnerable to be protected by foreign troops. They could be destroyed by a handful of technicians. The trouble with the RDF is not that it posits an American military response, but that it is geared to the wrong scenario.

Of the various catastrophes possible in the Middle East today, the one that is least likely and the one that the United States is putting most of its money into is the Soviet invasion of the oil fields. Far more likely is continuation of the conflict now taking place between Iran and Iraq. These conflicts are rooted in the historical past of very ancient peoples in their traumatic attempts to come to terms with the modern world, and in the crises of legitimacy that are undermining the relationships between the peoples of the area and those who govern them. In these conflicts the great powers, the US and the Russians, can meddle only ignorantly—and ultimately with grave consequences to themselves.

The best thing, of course, would be to quarantine the Middle East, to ignore it until a time, no doubt several decades hence, when it has bridged the gap between the past and the future, and when it has gone through the drama of coming to terms with itself. Unfortunately we cannot afford that luxury. We have allowed ourselves to become dependent upon peoples whose conduct we cannot expect to control, who detest us for robbing them of their birthright—that is, their belief in themselves and their values—and who would rather bring down their own house than huddle within ours.

It will be many years before we will be able to reduce our dependency on the oil in the Middle East. The amount of time depends on how soon we are willing to confront unpleasant realities. In the meantime we will be subject to blackmail, calumny, and provocation. In dealing with this situation the RDF is not going to be of much help. Would it have made a difference in Iran? Would it make a difference in the Gulf today? It is hard to see how.

The truth is that we are dependent on Middle Eastern oil, and there is not much we can do to assure a steady supply at a tolerable price. The best we can hope for is that these political convulsions can be contained through patience and diplomacy. In this great drama, the Russians, even though they meddle incessantly, have as little control as we do. They do not have to

invade the oil fields. If they need oil, it is cheaper to buy it than try to subdue a hostile country. And unless they want a general war with us, they will not interfere with our oil supplies. Everybody knows this, and the RDF is just a \$25 billion way of underlining the obvious. There are probably worse ways to spend the money, although at the moment it is hard to think of many. The real danger is that our policy-makers might begin to believe their own propaganda and actually send the force on a mission. Then we can kiss the oil fields goodbye and the friendly Saudi monarchy with it. Before we go any further down that path, this would be a good time to take a closer look at that Maginot Line of tomorrow, the RDF.

Ronald Steel

*Ronald Steel's latest book is *Walter Lippmann and the American Century* (Little, Brown/Atlantic Monthly Press).*

The dirty tricks department.

The Trigon Caper

"The Brotherhood" is a fraternity of the political right and outcasts from the intelligence-defense establishment, seeking to save the US government from a Soviet network of "moles," agents, and dupes they perceive as sapping the fiber of American security and threatening to hand the world to the Kremlin on the silver platter of detente. As this episode will reveal, it can organize a cabal blending fact and fiction to depict a high American official as a traitor in a spy thriller, plant the same idea in a newspaper article, then manipulate its allies on Capitol Hill to make the plot come alive in real life.

The Brotherhood uses the covert weapons of its craft—information and disinformation, whispered secrets and published sensations. One of its psychological missiles was recently MIRVed to strike successively at two priority targets: Henry Kissinger, once described by ex-CIA counterintelligence chief James Angleton as "objectively a Soviet agent"; and David L. Aaron, once Kissinger's arms control expert, now the Mondale-sponsored deputy to Zbigniew Brzezinski in the National Security Council.

The "missile" was a piece of microfilm (now missing) that was furnished to the CIA in April 1977 by one of its prize agents, a cable clerk in the Soviet Foreign Ministry in Moscow, code-named "Trigon." It purported to be the copy of a cable from Ambassador Anatoli Dobrynin reporting on a conversation with recently retired ex-secretary of state Henry Kissinger on the morning of April 11.

Kissinger was represented as ridiculing Carter

administration proposals for a new approach to the SALT II negotiations aimed at concrete reductions in existing levels of nuclear weapons. According to the "Dobrynin Telegram," Kissinger called President Carter a prisoner of his own "human rights illusions" and Brzezinski "an ideological dogmatist." He said that he had not been consulted on the new proposals and would have opposed them, knowing better than anyone else what the Russians could accept.

What most surprised Carter aides was that Kissinger was represented as advising that the new administration would not hold out for "equal aggregates" of strategic weapons, which he himself had helped to negotiate. The authenticity of the dispatch was a subject of hot dispute among the few officials privy to it. It was, in any event, the last contribution of "Trigon," believed to have been spotted as an American spy in the summer of 1977 and eliminated. (Some reports have confused him with another agent, Anatoli N. Filatov, who was tried in Moscow in 1978, and is now serving a 15-year prison sentence in the Soviet Union.)

"Trigon" and the "Dobrynin Telegram" were closely guarded secrets, unknown even in the State Department, until leaked by the CIA in 1978 as part of a subterranean struggle over SALT and detente. Its contents were shared with Richard Perle, staff assistant to anti-SALT senator Henry M. Jackson, by a CIA arms control analyst, David S. Sullivan. The brilliant but impulsive Sullivan, unable to persuade his agency to support his view that the Russians were cheating on the SALT I treaty limits, also gave Perle a copy of his secret report based on the monitoring of Soviet weapons tests.

To authenticate the "Dobrynin Telegram," Sullivan—so he told Perle—asked the National Security Agency whether it was consistent with monitored traffic from the Soviet Embassy, and was told that a coded message of approximately that length had been sent on that date. Sullivan was going dangerously far in his dissent.

Dismissed in mid-1978 by CIA director Stansfield Turner, Sullivan joined the fraternity of embittered outsiders—along with Angleton, ex-director Richard Helms, and young ideologues like Sven Kraemer, a former NSC staffer who is the son of Fritz Kraemer, Kissinger's postwar mentor. United in viewing the "insiders" as oblivious to the national interest and the Soviet menace, they gravitated toward the Reagan camp, making contact with advisers like Richard V. Allen and John Lehman. Sullivan joined the staff of the right-wing New Hampshire senator, Gordon Humphrey.

This set the stage for the launching of the Trigon missile, which I first heard about in Detroit early in July, a few days before the opening of the Republican convention. Senator Jesse Helms was leading a campaign to bar Kissinger from addressing the convention, branding him as a symbol of all things perniciously un-Reaganesque—detente with the Russians, friendship with Peking, and a self-crippling SALT

treaty. The senator's aide, John Carbaugh, told reporters that Kissinger was about to be exposed as having served Soviet interests.

Sure enough, the following Monday morning, July 14, as the convention opened, *Newsweek* broke the sensational story of the CIA's "top-grade spy" who had given the CIA long-suppressed dope on Kissinger's meeting with Dobrynin. *Newsweek* correspondent David L. Martin was frank to say it had come from enemies of Kissinger. Jack Anderson followed with a column on the same subject. Some reporters were told they could get more details from David Sullivan, who was circulating a memo on the subject.

Kissinger reacted as if he had been stabbed in the back. "How can anyone serve the government if subjected to such character assassination?" he asked me. Kissinger confirmed that he had met with Dobrynin on the date mentioned, but denied saying any of the things quoted in the purported telegram. He was vague about what he did discuss with Dobrynin. He described it as a "not very important conversation." "What would have been the point of going over Secretary Vance's proposals in Moscow, which had already been rejected a month before?" asked Kissinger. "In any event, it would have been crazy for me to talk in such terms in the Soviet Embassy, of all places" (presumably because the embassy is bugged).

The attack on Aaron was more richly and subtly textured. Aaron was not only a former Kissinger adviser on SALT and Senator Walter Mondale's staff assistant in the Church Committee's investigation of the CIA and FBI. He was perceived by Reagan supporters as a key figure in a series of politically inspired Carter administration leaks of national security secrets: the nuclear targeting plan, the Stealth bomber, and an arrangement with Peking for cooperation in monitoring Soviet communications. A cloud of suspicion cast over him would spread over the whole Carter administration.

Under Senator Humphrey's signature, David Sullivan drafted a letter to his own former boss, Admiral Turner, asking for an investigation of how a valuable intelligence asset like Trigon had been lost. (Humphrey told me he had signed the letter, unaware of Sullivan's own involvement in the affair, and summarily fired his aide when he belatedly learned of it.) The letter called attention to an article in the *London Daily Telegraph* which had gone generally unnoticed in this country.

The same article was cited in another letter asking an investigation by the Senate Intelligence Committee, signed by two of its members, Republican Malcolm Wallop and Democrat Daniel Patrick Moynihan, a national security pillar. This letter originated in Wallop's office. Wallop's staff aide on the Intelligence Committee, Angelo Codevilla, had been in contact with Sullivan in drafting the letter. The obscure *Telegraph* article was 15 months old. Bemoaning the low

state of security, it reported:

The Federal Bureau of Investigation recently interviewed a senior official of the National Security Council over the leakage to Soviet bloc intelligence agents of a top-secret document classified 'Blueline,' one of the highest security categories, relating to intercepts of coded Soviet communications. American intelligence sources maintain that, as a result of this leakage, an American agent abroad lost his life.

Further details of the long-overlooked sensation were made available by Senate staffers. The NSC official in question had reportedly said something to a Rumanian at a diplomatic reception that pointed to the identity of Trigon, possibly compromising him.

Who was the official who, in the words of the Wallop-Moynihan letter, may have contributed to "a major intelligence failure"? The FBI said it had not interviewed any NSC official in any such connection. The CIA reported to the Senate Intelligence Committee that it had no reason to believe any American official had been involved in the loss of Trigon.

Yet Senators Wallop and Moynihan demanded closed hearings. "If an agent was betrayed," said Moynihan, "it is despicable and very possibly criminal." But neither he nor Wallop nor their staffers would say whom they had in mind—not on the record.

But the Brotherhood had provided a trail for anyone interested. The author of the *Daily Telegraph* article was Robert Moss, a British right-wing journalist who once worked for a CIA-sponsored London news syndicate, Forum World Features. He is also the author of a book, *Chile's Marxist Experiment*. The CIA has refused to confirm or deny that the book is part of the covert operation against the Allende regime. More recently, Moss was co-author, with Arnaud de Borchgrave (lately resigned from *Newsweek*) of a best-selling spy thriller, *The Spike*, which represents the manifesto of the security Brotherhood, certified on its jacket by Richard Helms as presenting "the challenge posed to America and the Free World: Can the Soviets destroy the West without firing a shot?"

The villain of the novel, a KGB "principal agent" who has conspired to blind America to the Soviet challenge, is revealed as Perry Cummings, deputy director of the NSC and protégé of the vice president, himself an "unconscious" agent. Cummings dies—at his own or the KGB's hand—and the vice president resigns. A former CIA officer fired for leaking secret material on Soviet violations of SALT agreements is installed as the new director of the CIA.

Get it?

The novel, soon to become a "major motion picture," served the cause well, and vice versa. The hapless David Aaron, who said he had never done anything to compromise an agent, was left to contend with phantoms. He appealed to one news organization after another to withhold his name, until the *New York Times*, despite Aaron's appeal through James N. Reston,

which served to delay publication for two days, finally identified him as the target of the operation.

Aaron then commented publicly for the first time, calling the rumors "unfounded" and "malicious." It was a classic piece of covert action, and it left the desired taint of suspicion. David Aaron did nothing. In fact, he was never accused of doing anything.

Daniel Schorr

Daniel Schorr is senior correspondent of the Cable News Network. He covered the Watergate and CIA investigations as a CBS correspondent.

South Africa's war of words.

The Euphemizers

Johannesburg

A new joke has been making the rounds in Botswana, the black-ruled country to the north of here. A white South African tourist enters a restaurant in Gaborone and notices a well-dressed black man across the room jumping up and down, singing and dancing. No one else in the restaurant seems to pay any attention. The South African asks for an explanation. The waiter explains that the man is Botswana's minister of harbors. The South African is even more puzzled. He objects that Botswana is landlocked, and that there are not even any navigable rivers. The waiter smiles wickedly. "It's not that strange," he says. "After all, you in South Africa have a minister of justice."

One dimension of the struggle in this bitterly divided country is over words and terminology. The newcomer quickly finds himself stepping gingerly through a minefield of conflicting and rapidly changing nomenclature. The central issue, naturally, is what the people in the various racial and language groups should be called. When the ruling National party came to power in 1948, the prevailing usage among whites for people of African descent was "natives." The word already had acquired negative connotations, so blacks and liberals used "Africans" instead. In the 1950s, the ruling ideologists realized that to call blacks "natives" implied that they themselves were temporary intruders, which contradicted the central aspect of their thinking. Government wordsmiths then chose "bantú," a corruption of the Zulu word "abantu," which means simply "people." They thus defined themselves out of the human race. "Bantu" lasted about 15 years, but only caught on among blacks as a term of abuse for the handful of black quislings. After 1976 the government gave up and started using "black," following the example of blacks themselves and white liberals. (The change did not come without

struggle. A white judge once asked the late Steve Biko during a trial if he was not actually "brown" in color. Biko shot back, "White people are more pink and yellow and pale than white.")

Similar agreement does not exist with respect to the 2.5 million South Africans of mixed African, Asian, and European descent. This group has long been termed "colored." The black consciousness movement, however, is successfully fighting to redefine "coloreds," and the 778,000-strong Indian community, as "black." On occasion, the younger, militant members of the two communities must acknowledge linguistically that their legal and social status differs from the 20 million blacks of wholly African descent. They do so by saying "classified colored" (short for "those black people whom the regime has classified in terms of the Registration of Population Act as "colored"), or "so-called Indian." To use the race classification terms without the required modifiers is to invite wrath in many circles. The three black groups were once described collectively as "non-whites" or "non-Europeans." These expressions, which quite clearly are racist ways of defining people by what they are not, are slowly falling into disuse.

In the white community, some 60 percent of the 4.4 million people are of mixed Dutch, French, and German ancestry. One of their privileges as part of the dominant group has been the right to select their own name. They have chosen "Afrikaners," which in their own language (Afrikaans) means "Africans." But the collective term for Afrikaners and English-speaking whites has been "Europeans." Whites could not perpetually hover between the two continents, so they are dropping the old word and re-labeling the apartheid signs "Whites Only."

Some animosity persists between the two groups, though they are growing together in part because they see their domination threatened. English-speakers call their rivals "rocks," a term based in equal measure on the Afrikaner's alleged limited intelligence and his political intractability. Afrikaners retort with "rednecks"; the soft English-speaker burns easily in the hot African sun. "Boers" (farmers) is a curiosity; blacks and English-speakers use it as an insult, while some Afrikaners welcome it as a fond reminder of their pioneer past. Both white groups at times revert to "kaffirs" for blacks, which actually comes from an Arabic word meaning "infidel" but which accurately translates as "niggers." In some urban black circles whites are "honkies" or "whiteys." How the words got from Harlem to Soweto is anyone's guess.

The name the regime gives its policy has moulted several times. The National party came to power on a program it proudly called "apartheid" (literally, "apartness"), which it promised would centralize and strengthen the existing system of racial domination, called "segregation." But as world criticism grew, "apartheid" became untenable, and it has not been used officially for more than 15 years. "Separate

development" had a long run, but then it too became synonymous with the oppression it was meant to masquerade. The government has not yet come up with a substitute, though Prime Minister P. W. Botha has had stabs at "vertical differentiation," "friendly nationalism," and even "good neighborliness." Simultaneously, the ministry that regulates blacks has been called "Native Affairs," "Bantu Affairs," then briefly "Plural Relations." (An effort to call blacks "plurals" never got off the ground.) The current occupant, Piet Koornhof, renamed it "Cooperation and Development." The very same Koornhof made the widely publicized statement in the United States last year that "apartheid is dead." In his nomenclature, it passed away years ago.

The centerpiece of the South African system is the setting aside of 13 percent of the country for blacks, while reserving total white control over the remainder. The 10 black zones have been called successively "native reserves," "bantustans," and "homelands." Koornhof, in yet another effort to win legitimacy for the policy, recently re-dubbed them "black states" or "national states"—even though no country in the world has recognized the three that already have been pushed to "independence." Over the past two decades, the regime has brutally uprooted two million "surplus" blacks from "white" South Africa and dumped them into the already overcrowded bantustans: this process is officially called "resettlement." Some of the uprooted have been put into "transit camps," a name painfully redolent of nazism. Two of the most notorious are called Stinkwater and Limehill. In the cities, some 550,000 "colored" and Indian South Africans have been removed, often from choice central locations, and sent to live in bleak slums called "townships." The government agency responsible is the "Department of Community Development."

The euphemizers have also had a hand in naming several apartheid statutes. The Abolition of Passes Act of 1952 in fact also required women to carry the hated documents, which were renamed "reference books." The Extension of University Education Act of 1959 closed white universities to the few remaining black students. The Promotion of Bantu Self-Government Act the same year removed the last representation of blacks (by white MPs) from Parliament. The Prohibition of Political Interference Act of 1968 outlawed racially mixed political groupings; the Liberal party dissolved in protest. The Publications Control Board does not "ban" or "censor" books or magazines; it declares them undesirable.

As the guerrilla conflict here steps up, the war of words will also escalate. Government leaders regularly warn that South Africa is being subjected to a "total onslaught," the components of which are black guerrillas; the Soviet Union and communism generally; cowardly Western liberals, especially the World Council of Churches; and certain embittered individuals,

including Andrew Young and Donald McHenry. The guerrillas fighting the regime are, naturally, "terrorists"; their supporters here quietly call them "freedom fighters." The government affectionately describes its soldiers as "the boys on the border." "The border" where most of the fighting is taking place so far is not South Africa's at all, but that of Namibia, the country Pretoria continues to occupy illegally and persists in calling "South West Africa."

Even the name of this country is a contentious issue. The government and most whites are happy, of course, with "South Africa." So, paradoxically, is the African National Congress, the leading guerrilla movement. But another exile organization, the Pan-Africanist Congress, calls the place "Azania," an ancient word apparently of Arabic origin. Large numbers of young militants within the country have also defiantly adopted the new name.

Over the years, the regime's leaders undeniably have shown increasing linguistic sophistication. Recently P.W. Botha said, apparently with a straight face, "Discrimination, a system which seeks to maintain a superiority of one man by force at the cost of another man's dignity, has no place in the world of today." There has been considerable change since the time of the crusty J. G. Strijdom, prime minister from 1954 to 1958. Strijdom quite frankly described National party policy as "baasskap" (domination). At an election rally he once said, "Where does Strijdom stand? On the neck of the kaffir, that's where he stands!" P. W. Botha is still standing there, thumbing through his thesaurus.

James North

James North is a pseudonym for an American living in southern Africa.

Why our do-nothing policy has become a liability.

Cyprus Waits

by Russ Hoyle

Nicosia

Six years after the Turks' Afghanistan-style invasion of Cyprus, Greek Cypriots (as well as more than a handful of their Turkish compatriots) are anxiously awaiting the second volume of Henry Kissinger's memoirs, which presumably will explain, in realpolitical detail, why the US left them to twist in the wind during the summer of 1974. The Turkish "intervention"—winked at by Watergate-preoccupied Republican policy-makers at the time—succeeded in neutralizing the government of the late archbishop Makarios, Cyprus's unpredictable, left-leaning "red priest." It gave the security-minded Turks considerably more than a foothold on the island. And it also accomplished the long-awaited strategic goal of polarizing the Cypriot population into Greek and Turkish enclaves.

Otherwise, US "management" of the 1974 Cyprus crisis was an unmitigated disaster of inattention, shifting designs (if any), and hopeless execution. Forget, for the moment, that Turkey, in the second wave of the invasion in August, forcibly overran nearly 40 percent of this tiny island 40 miles off its southern coast in the name of some 18 percent of its people. Forget that the invasion violated just about every legal and moral

standard of international decency. Forget that thoughtful Turkish officers finally halted their troops at points determined in consultation with their British counterparts, and that Greek officers failed to give their Greek Cypriot charges the order to open fire until the skies above Nicosia were dark with Turkish paratroopers. Even forget the hundreds of thousands of Cypriots who were left homeless, missing, or dead (this is history, after all). Cyprus represented for the US, as the Vietnam War wound down, a signal breakdown of the leadership the United States had exercised over its European allies since the end of World War II.

Today the US presence in Cyprus is officially described as "unseen." The diplomatic community, like the non-policy it says it is charged with carrying out, keeps a low profile—a by now familiar US response to having been burned in the past, and having lost credibility because of it. But this new American style of unctuous humility only masks an essentially unchanged set of assumptions about Cyprus. The trappings of a repentant, cautious, and overly sensitized power, in tandem with worn-out policies, now threaten to foreclose options for cooperation with the Cypriots that

are of significant strategic and political advantage to US and Western interests. Unless the United States moves quickly and steadily to help both Greek and Turkish Cypriots structure a workable intercommunal settlement for governing the island, pressures generated by internal Cypriot politics may well deprive the US and Great Britain of a potentially important base of operations in the eastern Mediterranean, as well as the goodwill of a future ally. A stubborn adherence to the current policy of damage limitation and drift will help no one, and is likely to make matters worse in the long run.

Since the early 1960s, when the newly formed Republic of Cyprus first began experiencing serious intercommunal tensions, a parade of US Cyprus thinkers, from Dean Acheson to George Ball to Clark Clifford, have accepted one or another variant of policies designed to isolate the communist, or communist-leaning, elements of Cyprus. The premise, in keeping with the doctrine of containment, was to prevent Soviet access to Cyprus as a base of operations in the eastern Mediterranean. To accomplish this, the idea of partitioning the island into separate Greek and Turkish sectors, eventually to be governed by some kind of federation of Greek and Turkish Cypriots, became *de rigueur* in US foreign policy circles. In effect, this strategy came to a sort of fruition with the Turkish intervention, the demise of Makarios, and the subsequent military occupation of northern Cyprus (now called the Turkish Federated State of Cyprus), where 23,000 Turkish troops are still stationed.

But the price paid by the US for its tacit countenancing of the 1974 Turkish aggression was high indeed. Relations with Turkey soured almost irrevocably when President Ford was forced to slap an arms embargo on the government of Bulent Ecevit by a Congress outraged over the use of US weapons in the invasion. For the US, this amounted to an unprecedented intrusion of the legislative branch of government on the making of foreign policy, which seriously undercut a key military ally in the southeastern flank of NATO. This and other affronts have so deeply embittered the Turks toward the US that any American effort to press several subsequent Turkish governments to take positive steps toward a settlement on Cyprus has been considered unthinkable. Even the final lifting of the arms ban by President Carter in 1978 (which committed the US to supporting an intercommunal solution on Cyprus—a ball that Carter hastily threw into Kurt Waldheim's court) has failed to undo the damage done diplomatically, and to slow down the political and economic deterioration that resulted in a military coup in Turkey two weeks ago, despite massive recent infusions of US and Western aid (six billion dollars to date).

The second major unresolved legacy of the 1974 Cyprus crisis was the withdrawal of the Greek military from NATO to protest the invasion. Since the

revolution in Iran and the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan have altered the strategic picture in the eastern Mediterranean and darkened official US perceptions of Russian intentions in the Middle East, the reintegration of Greece into NATO has become the top US priority in the region, and one that overshadows attention to progress on Cyprus. With Iran no longer serving as a stabilizing buffer next to the Soviet Union, Turkey in economic and political disarray, and the Turkish military (according to US military experts) badly in need of new equipment and structural reform to fill its NATO role effectively, a Greek refusal to bolster US and Western military interests almost certainly would create a dangerous vacuum of power in a region that is already volatile enough.

At this point, the conservative Greek government of George Rallis, beset by an electoral challenge from leftist Andreas Papandreou early next year, favors Greek reintegration into NATO, but only on terms that will not alienate Greek voters. At issue is control of air and seabed rights in the Aegean, a responsibility that the Greek military traditionally has exercised, and that the Turks, with an eye on their own security needs, want a piece of. So far, Turkey has refused to accept Greece's reentry into NATO until some satisfactory arrangement is reached on the Aegean question. Rallis already has turned down several NATO plans for joint Greek-Turkish control of the Aegean, and recently has upped the ante by threatening to dismantle US military installations in Greece unless Greece is fully reintegrated into NATO by December. For his part, Papandreou has warned that he may steer Greece into nonalignment—and well clear of NATO—if he is elected. US policy-makers are currently in a race against the clock to find an Aegean formula that will patch together NATO's vulnerable eastern Mediterranean flank. Few knowledgeable observers at this time are willing to bet on a successful outcome.

In the meantime, Cyprus is on a back burner, so fearful is this administration that some slip-up on Cyprus might imperil the delicate Greek-Turkish relationship before the Aegean question is resolved and Greece is back in NATO. The US's "unseen hand" in Cyprus does little more than stroke and placate the Turks and the Turkish Cypriots. Cyprus, in the words of one American in Nicosia, exists only as "a banana peel for the government in power in Turkey."

Washington's do-nothing diplomacy is a sore and saddening point among Cypriots, who feel that US prestige and power could hasten an intercommunal settlement on Cyprus. They also believe that their loyalty to Western ways is not fully appreciated by the US government. In fact, American passivity has many Cypriots convinced that the US does not want to see an independent, nonaligned state of Cyprus—at least not for the time being. Their reasoning goes to the heart of an issue US officials refuse to discuss: Cyprus's strategic importance to the West and the future of the two sovereign British military and intel-

ligence installations on the island. If Greek and Turkish Cypriots lived in basic harmony under a nonaligned government, they argue, popular pressure against continued Cypriot acceptance of the British and American military presence on Cyprus would grow rapidly, prodded along by the well-established Greek Cypriot Communist party and its growing Turkish counterpart in the north. The two British bases were established as sovereign British territory by Cyprus's 1960 Treaty of Establishment. Dhekelia, a major intelligence-gathering outpost on the eastern coast of Cyprus near Larnaca, reportedly is linked to an over-the-horizon radar installation in the Troodos mountains and is capable of monitoring air and naval activity in most of the Mediterranean, as well as penetrating Asia Minor as far as the Soviet Caucasus. Akrotiri, in the south near Limassol, is reputedly one of the largest RAF airbases in the world, and American U-2 aircraft regularly use it to fly reconnaissance missions over the Middle East. Prolonged political paralysis, say these Cypriots, works in favor of the US by muting inevitable discontent over the British and American presence and keeping the spotlight on intercommunal problems.

Though the theory is undoubtedly somewhat draconian, it also is a credible explanation for why the US feels little pressure to push aggressively for a Cyprus solution. If the US is getting what it wants out of Cyprus, why rock the boat? Officially, of course, the US professes no interest in the bases, since they are, by treaty, the property of the United Kingdom and technically off limits for US or NATO use. But a US military and intelligence presence at the two British bases is nevertheless widely assumed; indeed, it is considered among the most open of secrets in the region. Last year the US proposed some beefing up of its personnel in Cyprus for SALT II monitoring; following the fall of the shah and the Russian incursion into Afghanistan, Cypriot workers reported increased American activity at Dhekelia, though the reports were never officially confirmed. It is not so farfetched to suppose that US strategic planners, in their search for bases in the Middle East, considered Cyprus—or are considering Cyprus, in light of the possible dismantling of the Greek bases—as a potential strategic asset, perhaps as a staging area for Rapid Deployment Forces in the event of escalating tensions in the Middle East or in the eastern Mediterranean. It is just as likely that they passed Cyprus over, at least in the short term, for fear of upsetting the Greek-Turkish balance in the area and creating new domestic problems for the British on Cyprus.

Given the strategic importance of the British bases now, it is conceivable that they will become more so in the not-so-distant future. But simultaneously, as a settlement draws closer on Cyprus, the internal political pressure to exact monumental reparations from the British for their continued use, or to do away with

the bases entirely, is bound to mount. There is little question that a provision for the demilitarization of Cyprus, as envisioned in the 10-point agreement worked out in 1979 by Greek Cypriot president Spyros Kyprianou and Turkish Cypriot leader Rauf Denktaş (and a key basis for the current intercommunal talks on Cyprus), was meant to include both the eventual withdrawal of Turkish troops and some significant diminution of the Western military presence on Cyprus.

There is no question that the issue is already on the minds of many Cypriots. This summer the Greek Cypriot Communist party, AKEL, which controls nearly 50 percent of Kyprianou's ruling coalition in the south, withdrew its support from the government for its failure to make any progress on intercommunal talks. AKEL was careful to lay most of the blame on "US and NATO imperialism" and "Turkish intransigence," but party chief Ezekias Papaioannou did not hesitate to take Kyprianou personally to task for fudging on the demilitarization issue as it concerns the British bases. Papaioannou wants to abolish the 1960 treaty, which gave the British sovereign rights to the bases. Within six weeks the threat of a permanently splintered coalition was enough to force Kyprianou to take a compromise position on the bases, demanding that the British pay 100 million pounds to the Cyprus government in return for their continued use. Kyprianou's extortionate proposal (so outrageous, in fact, that it may have signaled to the British that the new line was merely a sop to AKEL) certainly fell far short of Papaioannou's professed goal of abolishing all British sovereign rights on the island. But the word from the highest levels of the Kyprianou government is that it is prepared to increase the stakes if the British balk at the new proposal.

Kyprianou will be under increasing pressure from the communist left to do just that. AKEL always has had very close ties to Moscow. The AKEL/Kyprianou split is consistent with the Soviets' desire for the strictest possible construction of nonalignment for an emergent Cypriot state, a tactic no doubt intended to keep both the US and NATO off balance. Moreover, since the Communists are estimated to control almost 30 percent of the Greek Cypriot electorate, AKEL's withdrawal from the ruling coalition was also probably part of an attempt to increase its own electoral strength by exploiting the bases issue, taking advantage of a new law mandating proportional representation for political parties after Cyprus's 1981 parliamentary elections. Those elections already are being touted as a referendum on Kyprianou's chances for reelection in 1983. It will be almost impossible for Kyprianou to stay in power without the support of the AKEL-socialist bloc on the left. And there is little official doubt that the Soviets realize that greater AKEL clout in parliament could create a popular storm over the British bases in the future.

It is just this kind of pressure, generated primarily

on the left, that the US is afraid to exacerbate by explicitly including Cyprus in the strategic equation in the eastern Mediterranean. But the emerging shape of the demilitarization issue in Cyprus has another dimension. Unless some action is taken to defuse broader Cypriot public opinion on the issue, precisely the kind of militant nonalignment that US policy-makers saw in Makarios inevitably will dominate Cypriot politics, no matter what the US does. Cypriot leaders would be well advised to consider the consequences, since they know best that Cyprus's future always has hinged on a volatile amalgam of international as well as domestic politics.

The time has come for the eastern Mediterranean, and the US would do well to reconsider its passive role in Cyprus. Opportunities have been missed. The US stood by in April while a UN-sponsored initiative to revive intercommunal talks fell apart when the Turkish Cypriot negotiator inexplicably pulled out. Ironically—and shamefully for the US—it was not American efforts that got the talks back on the track, but the intervention of the ubiquitous Muammar Qaddafi, a trading partner of both the Greek and Turkish Cypriots, who insisted that both parties come to Libya to iron out their differences. Unable to say no to Qaddafi outright, negotiators for both sides were so appalled at the implications of a trip to Libya that they rushed to the UN to find a way out of Qaddafi's unseemly embrace.

Now that the talks are under way, the US should do everything in its power to assist in what are sure to be difficult negotiations, both in public gestures of support for a federated, bi-zonal settlement and through quiet assistance to both sides. The Turkish-occupied north is an economic disaster area. Inflation is raging along at an estimated 200 percent; the Greek Cypriot pound, officially worth 36 Turkish lira, brings 250 lira on the government-controlled black market. Trade with European countries is at a virtual standstill, as the Turkish Cypriot sector is not recognized by European Economic Community countries. Nor is the north of Cyprus eligible for the grants and loans from the World Bank or the IMF that the government of Cyprus in the south enjoys. The US could play an active role in easing these problems during the lengthy transitional period the negotiations surely will involve, working in close association with the Greek Cypriots, who have both suffered real torment at the hands of the Turks and managed to bounce back impressively. They have built small temporary cities for refugees from the north, and rebuilt a strong democratic government in a matter of years. Their efforts should be acknowledged. The skepticism with which they are too often received in US government circles should be moderated accordingly. The Greek Cypriots should be assiduously cultivated; they are the link to a vocal and powerful sector of the American electorate capable of making or breaking a more forthright policy on

Cyprus; and they are the key to providing believable assurances of security to the Turkish Cypriot minority, for whom memories of EOKA-B terrorism and Greek internment camps are still open wounds.

Accomplishing this will not be easy, given the mess the US has helped create in Cyprus. But several things ought to be kept in mind. Whatever shape a new Cyprus government takes, the majority of the electorate is certain to be pro-Western and supportive of the instruments of economic democracy. Cypriots like to talk about Nicosia becoming a new Beirut—a center of trade and communications between Europe and the Middle East—and any newly constituted Greek-Turkish Communist party would risk political suicide by opposing so basic a Cypriot premise of well-being. It is also important to recognize that, since intercommunal talks are in progress, it is no longer necessary to take a back seat to Turkey on questions involving Cyprus. Turkish Cypriots—though not formally recognized diplomatically—should be treated not as wards of Turkey, but as partners in a new Cyprus government, even if that is not entirely the case yet. An attempt must be made to separate Cyprus policy from Turkish policy—and Greek policy, for that matter—even if only in matters of protocol and form. Finally, US policy-makers should assume that Cypriots, both Greek and Turkish, are not so much ambivalent about the US as they are confused about why an obviously powerful country chooses to use its power with such pitiful stinginess. They are likely to be much more receptive to the application of supportive US power than we have led ourselves to believe.

And this includes the matter of the British bases. Cyprus is closer to, say, the Iran-Iraq border than any of the other prospective and problematic bases in Somalia, Kenya, or Diego Garcia that the Carter administration has ballyhooed now for months. The installations on Cyprus are established, protected by friendly powers (presumably Greece, Turkey, and Great Britain will continue to be guarantor powers of a new Cypriot state, and our allies), and would require a minimum of modification for use as a staging area in case of a Middle Eastern conflagration. Even if the US chooses not to use Cyprus beyond whatever is currently the case, it should not foreclose the option by leaving the British to take the buffetings of Cypriot politics until the situation becomes irretrievable. The US and Britain should determine the potential uses of the bases, and when the time comes, so inform the Cypriot government. If we jettison our policy of drift in Cyprus, and take an active role in its creation, we will have done much to steer Cypriots into a realistic, flexible policy of nonalignment, and to insure the existence of such a government sooner than would be possible otherwise. The danger, if we persist in a policy of drift and do-nothingism, is that in 10 years we will have tossed away a considerable strategic and diplomatic asset, and most likely will have abandoned Cyprus to the next round of its bloody history.

Books and the Arts

Stanley Kauffmann on films

Midler and Muddler

She's a lot better when she doesn't act. More accurately, she's better when she's Bette Midler than when, as in *The Rose*, she's doing a hyped-up Janis Joplin rerun. *Divine Madness* is yet one more filmed record of a hit entertainer's stage appearance before an adoring mob, but at least she shows why she's a hit entertainer. Midler tells her audience about the filming and that this is her "time capsule" show. Citizens of the future, you are warned.

What she does is the bad girl, grinning, dirtily defiant, noncommittally shrugging, and smart. She has the ability to pull the audience up to her, like a small group of friends; she teases, reminds, shocks—in the no-longer shocking way in which they want to be shocked. She tells some of the unfunniest filthy jokes I've ever heard, even off screen, but she also makes a joke which relies on the audience's knowledge that Milton went blind. One moment she does wickedly sharp spoofs of Queen Elizabeth and Princess Anne (Midler visited England last year), and the next she does "heart" songs so schmaltzy that you don't understand how they got past her sense of humor. But she belts and pows and grins at her own impudence and has enough of a good time—justified by her singing and miming ability—to provide a good time for us. The talent that can pull this performance past its low spots has got to be strong; and it is.

Michael Ritchie (*The Candidate*, *Smile*) directed; William A. Fraker (*Heaven Can Wait* and co-photographer of *Close Encounters*) was the cinematographer; but they needn't have been. Apparently there's a middle cinematic discourse for these filmed-performance pictures that

even the better filmmakers must use and that's equally accessible to the lesser ones.

Possibly the most quoted line in Fielding is Mr. Partridge's comment on Garrick's Hamlet in *Tom Jones*. Partridge complains that when Garrick saw the ghost, his reaction wasn't any different from what his own would have been. But as for the man who played the king: "Anybody may see he is an actor." Well, anybody may see that Nicolas Roeg is a director. Boy, does he direct. Try to find one square centimeter of space, one second of time, in his films that isn't just jam-packed with directing.

If you saw *Performance* or *Don't Look Now* or *The Man Who Fell to Earth*, you know the essential method of *Bad Timing*/*A Sensual Obsession*: incessant flashing back from and around the main action. At first it's difficult to determine the topography of the story, which would be all right—perhaps even eventually rewarding—if the story proved substantial and the pyrotechnics contributed to the substance in some way, atmospherically, psychologically, sheerly aesthetically. None of these comes about. The only thing that keeps the story from being commonplace is that some of it is unbelievable; and the fireworks of editing and camera lushness all around it are, at last, only vanity posing as imagination.

Yale Udoff's script is set in Vienna. One reason for this may be that the man of the story, Art Garfunkel, is an American psychoanalyst who is teaching there and that the woman, Theresa Russell, is a floater who happens to have floated there. Another reason may be that Udoff and Roeg figured that

Vienna hasn't been much exploited in films since *The Third Man* and that the relative novelty of the milieu would beef up their picture in a way that Paris or Rome or Kansas City could not. Besides, a psychoanalyst... Vienna... natürlich, nicht?

The film opens with its ending: Russell is being rushed to a hospital after too much pills-and-booze. The police are immediately suspicious of Garfunkel, the "friend" who accompanies her, and we don't find out why until the end. The pair met at a party, months before. She insisted, not he, on getting together. The balance, predictably, swings: he, enamored, insists on continuing while she, as enamored as she can be, leads him a not-so-merry chase. (With plentiful crotch shots.) At last, the final night. Why, after he found her zonked in her apartment, did he take so long to call an ambulance? We see, after a film's worth of whirlings and wheelings and near-subliminal shots, that he hoped/didn't hope she would die, that he humped her after she was well passed out and after he—a doctor—knew she might be dying. That's what all the hoopla comes to, a plotty trick. Possible killing-by-copulation, by a lover who has been driven semi-crazy.

It isn't remotely worth the fuss. The picturesque settings, the whiz-bang editing, the heavy Mittel-Europa atmosphere, all end up as a 500-piece orchestration of *Three Blind Mice*. Add to this that the casting of the four principal

Films Worth Seeing

Airplane! If you saw the trailer, believe that the picture is just as funny most of the time. (If you didn't see the trailer, the picture is funny anyway!)

The Chant of Jimmie Blacksmith. One of the few good Australian films in the recent flood. A half-caste, c. 1900, runs amok and pays the white man's consequences. Not quite the tragedy it aims at, still it's full and deep and wonderfully acted.

The Great Santini. Robert Duvall is good, but why did he choose to play a career Marine as a street tough? Blythe Danner and Michael O'Keefe are good, too. The picture is spotty, but the son/father spots are fine.

My Bodyguard. A sharp film about a high school boy terrorized by other boys is marred by cute stuff about his family. The terror is real and important; the family is neither.

SK

roles is neatly split—two good and two dreadful—and the film degenerates into offense.

Theresa Russell is our old friend, the crazy mixed-up kid who can't get her stuff together, who wants to love but hasn't the inner stability. (Incidentally, where does she get the money to live as she does?) It's a cliché role, but Russell does all she can to avoid cliché in playing it: she reaches for real impulse and the source of the unhappiness. Denholm Elliott, that dandy saturnine actor who always seems to speak out of the depths of an injured but resilient fineness, has another trite part: the knowing, ultra-continental husband who waits until his estranged wife (Russell) has had her fill of the callow American. Elliott gives it more than it deserves. But Garfunkel is just pathetic as a passion-racked intellectual whose life is being shivered by a heedless young woman. (And what is that work he does for the US army? Why was Elliott, a Czech politico, under surveillance? What was the point of it all other than to lay still another significance—political—on this flimsy structure?) Harvey Keitel is a Viennese detective. His hair is long. My patience was short.

Udoff's dialogue struggles toward the gnomic, with the occasional glint of a near-miss. (When Garfunkel first meets Russell at the party and she tries to coax him into phoning her, he asks why they don't quit while their affair is still per-

fect.) But his unreliable sense of specific gravity is fractured under the load of Roeg's splattery showing-off. Roeg is just one more director who thinks that if he knows all about cameras and editing-tables, he knows how to make films.

Book Note. Two books by two collaborators published at virtually the same time. The writers are Ruth M. Goldstein and Edith Zornow (the latter, I'd better stipulate, was producer of a TV series of mine in the 1960s). The double publication is unusual enough: more so, they're both good and useful books.

The subtitles describe them quite adequately. *Movies for Kids* is a "guide for parents and teachers on the entertainment film for children" (Ungar; \$14.95 cloth, \$5.95 paperbound). This is a revised and expanded edition of a book—same title—that Goldstein and Zornow published in 1973. *The Screen Image of Youth: Movies about Children and Adolescents* (Scarecrow Press; \$20) is a new work. The first book lists films for children, with two- or three-paragraph synopses and comments, and rental information. The second book lists films about children and teenagers, with much more substantial synopses and commentary, and rental information.

I've dipped a lot into both books. They're exceptionally knowledgeable, careful, and caring; and they fill real needs.

organs, maturation, coition, reproduction, in exactly the same spirit in which he might inform them about the workings of the heart, the circulation of the blood, the digestion of food. One can easily understand why this biological approach at first looked so attractive to educational authorities. It fit into the classical conception of the school as an institution whose primary concern is the transmission of knowledge. Yet at the same time it was designed to bring enlightenment, to rescue sex education from the obscurity, the dark hints and darker threats, which had traditionally surrounded it. With enlightenment as its purpose and science as its method, who could possibly object? But in practice the situation was far from being so simple and straightforward.

In Western society the facts about sexual reproduction have been in a unique position, never to a greater degree than in the century which ended in the 1950s. At least I can think of no other case—except perhaps, but then to a lesser degree, excretion—where, although the facts are undisputed, it has been widely believed that they ought not to be explicitly referred to or, this even more strongly, illustrated. No one is going to protest at an examination question which asks what changes take place in the heart as it expands and contracts and instructs the examinee to illustrate his answers with line drawings. A parallel question about the expansion and contraction of the sexual organs will be accused of corrupting the youth.

The effect is that biologically centered courses on sex education commonly have been limited and confined in ways that make it impossible for them to achieve their officially defined objective. I can illustrate the sort of inconsistency and incoherence which results by quoting from *The Handbook on Sex Instruction in Swedish Schools*—in many respects a pioneering document—published by the Royal Board of Education in Sweden in 1956. The *Handbook* lays it down that "sex instruction . . . should proceed in a completely everyday manner and be free from anything suggesting the sensational"; it recommends, for that reason, a biological approach. But the *Handbook* nevertheless instructs teachers not to allow their pupils to copy down blackboard sketches or drawings since, it somewhat coyly says, experience shows that such copies can be used in an "unsuitable manner." So children are at once to be persuaded

A philosophical essay.

Sex Education

by John Passmore

The fundamental question I propose to discuss can be put thus: what is the point of sex education? No doubt, even after that question has been answered,

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a multitude of problems still has to be solved: who should teach it, at what ages should it take place, what should be its content at this or that age. But until we are clear about the point of sex education, none of these important and difficult questions—which it may be possible to answer only after empirical research—can be discussed sensibly.

Let us begin from the most aseptic concept of sex education. The sex educator, on this view, is to teach as a biologist; he is to inform his pupils about the anatomy and physiology of the sexual

that sex education is perfectly ordinary, in no way sensational, and at the same time they are to be prevented from making use of precisely the learning techniques which, were the heart or the lungs being studied, they would be praised for adopting. Sexuality is at once to be treated and not to be treated as an ordinary part of an ordinary scientific course. These confusions of aim are not accidental. The fact is that sex in our society—indeed, in any society—is sensational. And a school course which tries to pretend, in a supposedly scientific spirit, that it is not sensational soon will be forced into inconsistencies and hypocrisies.

An "unsensational" biological approach, furthermore, can do more harm than good. Sex education classes, even of the most limited, biological kind, do not simply impart information to a passive, receptive mind. They attempt to counteract myths. No doubt they are not unique in this respect; history and science can also be myth-destructive. But sexual myths are exceptionally powerful; they reflect the child's deepest fears, most secret desires. Children may well, for example, have interpreted what they have seen or heard of the sexual act as a form of violence. (Observe the way in which, in discussions of censorship, sex and violence are so often, and so strangely, paired.) A purely biological account of the sexual act, in the language of engineering, can easily reinforce rather than destroy this scarifying and at the same time deeply satisfying myth. Only if the biological approach is broad enough to permit the teacher to talk

about pleasure and passion can it avoid that danger. But talking about pleasure and passion is precisely what is meant by "sensationalizing" sex.

Let us suppose, however, that the biological approach is a broad one, not restricted, as it so commonly has been, to elementary anatomy and physiology—illustrated with unenticing diagrams, intelligible only to a trained anatomist. There are a good many textbooks, especially in Europe, which adopt this broader approach. They do not conceal the fact that sexual relationships can be pleasurable; they set that fact in a biological context. They are as interested in mating as in procreation. There is at least nothing in such a course to reinforce the child's myths. Neither will children be left with the feeling, which they so often got from earlier sex education courses, that they obviously were being cheated, enlightened about what they did not particularly want to know—usually the stages in the development of the fetus—but left as puzzled as ever about what really troubled them.

Does such a course suffice? At the end of it, our hypothesis is, the pupils are able to answer, in a way which displays comprehension, questions about the basic biology of maturation, coition, reproduction. They understand how and—biologically speaking—why sexual acts are pleasurable. Has the point of sex education then been secured?

There is growing agreement that much still would remain to be done, that even though precise biological information has a part to play in any sexual education program, it is by no means sufficient. Biology is not enough, for two related but distinct reasons. The first reason is that human sexuality—although, of course, its roots are biological—is not a purely biological phenomenon. The second, more disputable, reason is that the sex educator must not merely impart information and destroy myths, but should attempt to modify the sexual attitudes and the sexual behavior of his pupils. Certainly the position of the schools—while still difficult enough—would be much easier if they could presume that their task, purely and simply, is to impart information, that the use which is made of this information has nothing to do with them.

But few sex educators would be willing thus to wash their hands of responsibility. For, as I have already suggested, it is a widely prevalent doctrine that sex

education is in essence a form of moral education. Even the Swedish *Handbook*, for all its biological emphasis, begins by stating that sexual education must have a "pronounced ethical bias," thus making it yet more difficult for unfortunate biology teachers to live up to the instruction that they are to teach sex in a quite unsensational, scientific manner.

To suggest that sex education is a variety of moral education, however, by no means puts an end to our troubles, by no means unambiguously determines the point of sex education. For unless we are one of those who believe that we can settle by definition what moral education "really is," we still shall find ourselves having to choose between bitterly contested alternatives.

At one extreme lies the Puritanical-Christian view that a moralized sex education should persuade children that sexual relations, even at their most licit, within matrimony and with procreative intention, are shameful, a "deed of darkness." ("Who does not know," asked Innocent III, "that conjugal intercourse is never committed without itching of the flesh and heat and foul concupiscence?") Or when hostility to sexuality is not carried quite so far, that at least all sexual relations are sinful unless they are blessed by the church, are to a minimal degree sensual, and are procreative in intent. In this tradition, ignorance is commonly regarded as a blessing; sexual education is to be not at all elucidatory, except insofar as a measure of elucidation is inherent in its being minatory. The upholders of this view sometimes describe themselves, or are described, as opponents of sex education. But, at least in one sense of the phrase, they are quite certainly "sex educators": they are communicating very powerful sexual traditions. What they are opposed to is sexual enlightenment.

This attitude to sex education has now, quite suddenly, few articulate defenders, even within the Christian churches. Its influence, of course, is by no means dead; many parents were brought up in its shadow. Sex was unmentionable, especially in the family circle. That is one major reason why it is quite unrealistic, in our society, to leave sex education in the hands of parents. But its advocates are generally silent.

Why so? Sometimes only because they realize that the world outside the school makes the ideal of innocent ignorance impracticable; the need for

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sexual enlightenment is then admitted with a sigh, as yet another indication of the corruption of our times. Sex education, for such reluctant converts, is still to be a prophylactic. Just in virtue of its being inexplicit, the argument then runs, the traditional moral education provided its pupils with little or no protection against unwanted pregnancies or venereal disease or those other contingencies against which, it is commonly presumed, an effective sex education should guard its pupils.

But if this were all that were involved, it is far from apparent that the fear of practical consequences is more successful than the fear of hellfire as a prophylactic, that young men and girls who know how to use contraceptives are less likely to have illegitimate children, that knowing about venereal disease they are less likely to contract it or more willing to seek medical assistance when they do contract it. These are matters about which we know very little, but the little we do know is not very encouraging. We certainly do know—for in this case smoking, alcoholism, drug-taking and fast driving are analogies—that quite rational arguments directed against practices which their peer group values are often totally ineffective in altering the conduct of the young.

To an ever greater degree, too, "prophylactic" sex education encounters problems in establishing a syllabus. Against precisely what sexual practices is it to be directed? As late as 1957, the *Swedish Handbook* could refer to homosexuality only as the enticement of young children: "There are homosexual men, especially in big cities, who try to entice young boys by promising them money and the like." Public attitudes toward homosexuality have changed very rapidly; many teachers, while condemning such enticement, would not be prepared to regard their course as prophylactically directed against, to quote the *Handbook* again, "people who do not feel a natural attraction toward the opposite sex." And what about premarital sexual relationships? Or promiscuity? The older certainties, if by no means gone, are considerably weakened.

At the opposite extreme from the prophylactic approach to sex lies what it will be convenient to call the hedonistic approach. The main objective of sex education, as the hedonist sees it, is entirely to remove the sense of guilt from sex, to make it clear that sex, in all its forms, is a pleasurable activity, valu-

able as such, to be engaged in with no more inhibition than eating or drinking, to which it is, indeed, strictly comparable.

We recently have witnessed what one can only call an extensive adult education program which has sought to persuade us, mainly through the medium of books and films, that sexual relationships should be a source of joy, of uninhibited pleasure, completely free from shame. Although such instruction is not intended for classroom use, it would be absurd to refuse to it the name of "education," at least in the broad sense of that word. Many books—and many films—with such titles as "sex education" are no doubt pornography in a transparent disguise. But this is far from being universally true. By no means all such works are either, to draw a necessary distinction, "novelette" pornography, with its ever amorous women and endlessly virile men, or "horror-comic," crypto-Puritanical pornography with its brutality, deliberate coarseness, devastating crudity, scarcely concealed hostility to women. Often enough, indeed, they have the unmistakable tone of missionary tracts or political pamphlets: promising sexual

bliss, demanding sexual rights.

To condemn such fervor *en bloc* would be a mistake; given the earlier situation, one can understand and even applaud it. Yet there is something very unsatisfactory about most of the handbooks to sexual practice. They bear every sign of having been written in a technological age, in a consumer's society. In a characteristically technological manner, they threaten to replace anxiety about the moral character of one's actions by anxiety about one's competence in performing them. They do nothing to bring out the horrors and terrors of sexuality, the way in which sexual relationships can drive men and women to desperation. Or they suggest—falsely, I should say—that such desperation is solely a product of ignorance and prudishness.

We should remember, too, that one of the first to try to release men from sexual guilt was the Marquis de Sade. No doubt there is still controversy, bitter controversy, about the limits beyond which men should be ashamed of their sexual acts. But most of us would agree, I imagine, that where sexuality takes the form of violence, or involves the witting transference of venereal

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disease, or the selling of girls and boys as sexual merchandise, or the enticement of children, or reckless procreation, it has passed beyond the boundaries of permissibility. There are times, that is, when we can properly be called to account for our sexual acts.

We might agree, too, that sexual relationships, while they can be a source of pleasure, are greatly underestimated if they are thought of simply in these terms. So for all that it would be foolish, in discussing the more particular question how far, and to what degree, sexual education should form part of our school courses, to forget the existence of this large hedonistic literature, it would also be wrong to conclude, with a sigh of relief, that all the teacher need now do is to teach his pupils to read. This is quite apart from the fact that such handbooks are not designed either for the very young or for the semi-literate, both of whom may stand in special need of sex education.

Another way of looking at the matter is now much more widely canvassed. It is neither puritanical nor hedonistic. The object of moral education, and therefore of sex education, is to help the pupil, so it is argued, make "a responsible and informed choice between possible courses of behavior." This, one might say, is the current orthodoxy in circles where contemporary philosophy of education has penetrated.

The pupil's choice, then, is to be "informed." That justifies the giving of information, biological and social. But it is also to be "responsible." That is a more obscure concept. Responsible to whom or what? When one looks further, however, a definition usually emerges by implication. A course of action is responsibly chosen when the agent takes account of other people, of their "right to choose," of their feelings, and of the broader social consequences of what he is doing. As James Hemming and Zena Maxwell sum up in their *Sex and Love*—a book for schools designed in the spirit of this moral outlook—"every-one has a right to strive for sexual fulfillment, but not at the cost of others, by deceiving or exploiting them in any way." And again, "mutual consideration is the basis of sexual relations."

Certainly such a conception of sex education fits into what is now a popular conception of the role of the school, at least in democratic countries: that it is its task to teach the child to learn to "think for himself," but in a way that takes account of the interests of other

TWO PIGEONS

They've perched for hours
on that window-ledge, scarcely
moving. Beak to beak,

a matched set, they differ
almost imperceptibly—
like salt and pepper shakers.

It's an event when they tuck
(simultaneously) their pinpoint
heads into lavender vests

of fat. But reminiscent
of clock-hands blandly
turning because they must

have turned—somehow, they've
taken on the grave,
small-eyed aspect of monks

hooded in conferences
so intimate nothing need
be said. If some are chuckling

in the park, gaining
their bread, these are content
to let the dark engulf them—

it's all the human
imagination can fathom,
how single-mindedly

mindless two silhouettes
stand in a window thick
as milk glass. They appear

never to have fed on
anything else when they stir
all of a sudden to peck

savagely, for love
or hygiene, at the grimy
feathers of the other;

but when they resume
their places, the shift
is one only a painter

or a barber (prodding a chin
back into position)
would be likely to notice.

Mary Jo Salter

people. Only when this is their emphasis, so the argument would run, do sex education courses deserve the name of "education," now in the eulogistic sense of that word, as distinct from mere instruction or outright indoctrination. It is entirely out of accord with the spirit of schools for a teacher to think of himself as attempting to persuade his pupils to act in one specific way rather than another; it puts his relationship with them on quite the wrong foot. If sexual education is merely aversive in intent, it has no place in the schools. But to teach children to act responsibly, to think about what they are doing, is very different.

And yet is there not more than a touch of hypocrisy in this conception of sex education, just as there is in the conception of an "unsensational" sex-biology course? Or if not hypocrisy, then at least a limited sense of reality. I do not deny, of course, that there are choices to be made within a person's sexual life. A young couple may have to decide whether to live together or to marry, or a pregnant girl to decide whether to have an abortion or to bear a child, to take only what are relatively

dramatic cases. Young people—and not only young people—are often ignorant of, or prefer not to think about, the wider implications of such decisions. There is value in encouraging them to do so. But sexual lifestyles are not, in general, chosen. We do not choose with whom to fall in love. It is hypocritical to pretend otherwise, to ignore the power of sexual passion, to pretend that all of us, if only we try, can live our sexual lives in a spirit of sweet reasonableness.

Here I reach a very difficult turning point in my argument. Is it proper to think of sex education not only as a training in the making of deliberate decisions, insofar as they play a part in sexual life, but beyond that, as a preparation for love? Implicit in the notion of "responsibility," I have suggested, is the concept of caring about, considering, other people. Here we make an assumption—that other people, or some other people, are proper objects of care—an assumption which our pupils may wish to question. To assume this, it is often replied, is to do no more than to assume that there are such things as moral considerations, i.e. that the idea of moral education as distinct

from moral indoctrination makes sense. (To which the reply might come that it doesn't make sense.) However, I am going further still; I am suggesting that sex education might be a preparation for love, love thought of as a relationship which goes beyond consideration, conjoining consideration with enjoyment, which is directed toward particular persons and not toward people as such. (The proper attitude to our neighbor as such is not love but consideration and, in emergencies, concern.) I am taking it, that is, that just as, on my view, a teacher is perfectly justified in trying to arouse in his pupils a love for literature, so he is perfectly justified in trying to stimulate in them the capacity for loving people.

Notice, however, the phrase "preparation for love." I am not suggesting that a school can or should offer lessons in love, that it can teach love in the same sense in which it can teach arithmetic. Neither do I wish to deny that in this respect the role of the family is of central importance—we learn to love by being loved—even if the attitude of the teacher to his pupils and to their relations with one another can strengthen or weaken their capacity for loving. But direct teaching has a more limited aim—to remove obstacles to, rather than to create, the capacity to love. (Bosanquet's favorite phrase "the hindering of hindrances" brings out what I have in mind.)

How can this be done? I have already suggested that ignorance can affect the child's capacity to love, ignorance in the form of sexual myths. But biological ignorance, in the narrow sense of the phrase, ignorance about the anatomy and physiology of sex, is not in itself of any considerable importance. Men and women loved, long before anybody knew anything whatsoever about the anatomy of the *vas deferens*. What is really important, so I have suggested, is that the child should learn that the sex act is not inevitably an act of violence, that it can be tender, affectionate. If biology is more broadly conceived, transformed in the direction of ethology, emphasizing love as a bond of union as distinct from the traditional biological emphasis upon reproduction, then its role in this respect can be much more important.

So can the direct discussion of love be important, in the context of a broadly conceived consideration of institutions like marriage. In discussion, teachers can help the pupils to see through the

sentimentalizing of love which is characteristic of cheap literature and commercial advertising, can explore the difficulties and anxieties which are inherent in love.

The older sex manuals were very reticent on this point. But the newer ones are better. "Any loving," write Hemming and Maxwell, "puts us under risk of pain. The love may not last and one, or both, be subjected to intense suffering. But nothing worth having in life can be got without risk." I do not think they fairly face the fact, however, that love can also be a source of suffering to third parties, that it is not always easy to reconcile love with consideration for others. (Did Romeo and Juliet consider the feelings of their parents? Was Gibbon a better model when he sighed as a lover but obeyed as a son?) Teachers, too, can recommend their pupils to read the kind of manual to which I have already referred, while drawing attention to its limitations.

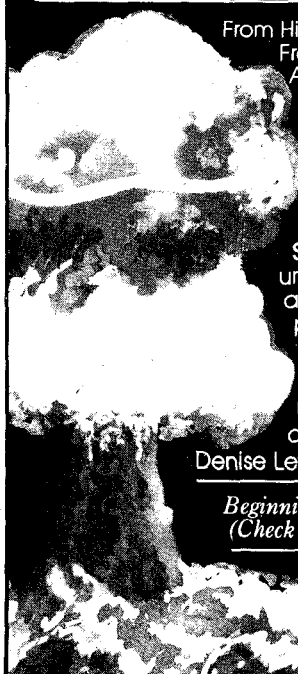
I am not at all suggesting that they should propagandize for love; even if they were desperately anxious to encourage their pupils to love, this would be a quite ineffective way of doing so, as ineffective as propagandizing for literature. They can, and ought to, discuss the way in which utopias—Plato's *Republic* is a case in point, but there are

other examples, most notably the Oneida community in the United States—have suggested that in an ideal society there is no room for the sort of particularized affection which I have characterized as love. They can talk, in a historical spirit, about the relationships between love and marriage in the ancient, the medieval, or the modern world, making it clear that "falling in love" has not been, in general, either a necessary or a sufficient preliminary to marriage. All this, certainly, counts as sex education. It helps children to make responsible choices, prepares them for love—or to renounce love, if that is their final decision.

But art and literature, I believe, are more important in this respect than either biology or social-science type discussion. In literature and art the delights and agonies of love are vividly and concretely depicted, in a way that can enlarge imagination, tolerance, emotional sympathy.

Once more, of course, there are practical problems. For a century or so, literature for school use was bowdlerized. Love poetry, so far as it was discussed at all, was at an etherealized level; narrative verse was accounted safer. The links between love and sexuality, on the one side, and love and terror on the other were carefully con-

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sealed. Nor was the child confronted with sensual painting, sensual sculpture. Many teachers are still embarrassed, indeed, by an art or literature with sexual overtones. But the fact is that the complication and the significance of sexual relations are nowhere better brought out than in literature, literature varying in range and style from simple songs and poetry—not so different in type from, although sometimes superior in quality to, contemporary “pop” songs—to the tragic complexities of Tolstoy and Shakespeare. Every sex educator, at least, should know this literature, should read Euripides’s *Bacchae* annually to remind him of the sheer explosiveness of sexuality, should know Catullus, Burns, should understand the feelings that lie behind *The Waste Land*. There are textbooks, especially in France and Denmark, which try to discuss sexual relationships in their full cultural extent; etchings by Picasso rather than clinical diagrams serve as their illustrations. And this, I believe, is the right direction in which to move. To leave sex to the biologists is to misunderstand its place in human life.

If I am right, then, the refusal of many young people to read even the simplest novels, their allegiance to television programs which, often enough, falsify and oversimplify sexual relationships, is a major obstacle to any serious sort of sexual education. So are the vagaries of a censorship or grading system which expose them to violence, cruelty, and sexual triviality, but forbid them attendance at films which conjoin sensuality and affection. At this point, as always, the sex educator who takes his task seriously goes against the grain of society.

One can readily understand objections to sex education, objections which come not merely from extreme conservatives—under which head I include, of course, large segments of what is conventionally known as “the left”—but from men of undoubted sensibility, troubled by its insensitivity, its pretense to, but actual lack of, realism; its attempt, in the words of Ian Robinson, to make sex “safe, clean, hygienic and the proper activity for a playground.” Life would be much easier for the schools if they were to leave it completely alone. But to do this would be to cut themselves off from phenomena of central importance in the understanding of human life, human society, literature, and art. Nor can they in fact leave

it alone: to ignore sex, to refer to it only euphemistically, to censor children’s literature, is in itself to engage in a form of sex education.

The point of sex education, I have suggested, is a triple one: first, to destroy sexual myths; second, to help pupils to make sexual decisions, third, to prepare them for love, with its cares, its joys, its responsibilities. To say this, as I began by pointing out, is not to determine how, where, by whom it should be taught, or how far it should be carried. But it has implications in all these respects. As so often, those who

need it most may be the hardest to reach; in this respect, as in every case, the illiterate or the semiliterate are at an enormous disadvantage. And so are those whose life has contained no love. Here, too, there is the serious risk that schools will first exaggerate what they can do, and then, failing in their ambition, lapse into cynicism, continuing in their courses out of habit rather than conviction. At most, I have tried to make it a little clearer what schools might attempt; that the task they have before them is, as usual, of overwhelming dimensions, I am far from denying.

Lectures on Literature: British, French, and German Writers by Vladimir Nabokov with an introduction by John Updike (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich; \$19.95)

Vladimir Nabokov, according to the published testimony of several of his students at Cornell during the 1950s, was an extraordinary teacher—unorthodox in his methods, alternately beguiling and amusing in his manner, and above all compelling in the vision of literary art he conveyed to his classes. Nabokov’s striking success as a teacher might in itself raise questions about the quality of relentlessly self-admiring aloofness which certain critics have attributed to him. Few full-time writers make good teachers (Nabokov’s friend of those years, Edmund Wilson, is an apposite case in point) for the obvious and understandable reason that they are too wrapped up in their own writing to exercise much attentiveness to the special intellectual needs and deficiencies of the young. Nabokov, however, once exile and poverty had cast him unexpectedly onto the lecturer’s podium, was able to kindle his students with the carefully written texts he read out to them because, for all his witty playfulness, he felt, if I may use an appropriately old-fashioned phrase, a moral passion about what he was teaching.

During the last years of his life, Nabokov intimated several times that he intended to prepare for publication his Cornell lectures on modern fiction. Now that the first volume of them has

appeared—a second, devoted solely to Russian writers, will be published next year—one readily sees the practical difficulty that must have made Nabokov hesitate about reworking his Cornell material. These are very much classroom lectures rather than critical essays, complete with illustrations of Nabokov’s pedagogic diagrams and drawings in this scrupulous edition by Fredson Bowers from the author’s holograph. Though Nabokov affirms an overriding interest in style and structure, and occasionally has interesting perceptions to share on these matters of form, his mode of exposition is demonstrative rather than analytic. He proceeds on the assumption, no doubt warranted for the students of Literature 311-312, that his audience is made up of innocent readers going, or perhaps stumbling, through the books under consideration for the first time.

His principal strategy, then, for explaining *Mansfield Park*, *Madame Bovary*, “*The Metamorphosis*,” *Ulysses*, and other works is to retell the story of each in considerable detail, with frequent quotation of lengthy passages, often followed by the simple comment that the passage just read is “wonderfully artistic.” Sustained by Nabokov’s vivid personal presence and his distinctive style of oral delivery, this method, as John Updike

observes in his engaging introduction, could have a thoroughly magnetic effect; but on the printed page the synopses, however gracefully written, are still synopses, and the quotations are, alas, no more than quotations. The limitations of such a mode of presentation are perhaps most evident in the lecture on Proust, a writer Nabokov loved dearly, and whom he saw as a model of what might be achieved through the art of literature. Apart from a few nice observations on Proust's style and in

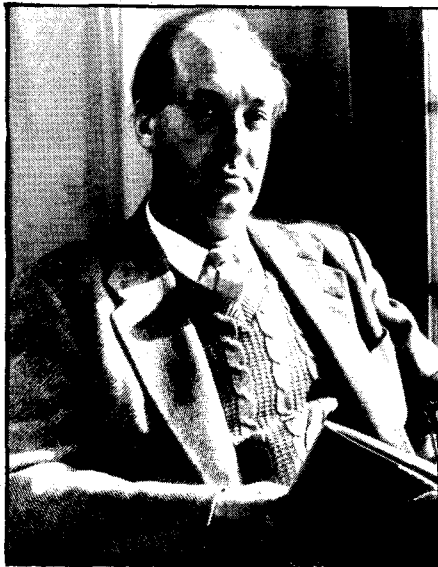


photo of Nabokov by Maclean Dameron

particular on his use of metaphor, the lecture is a series of passages from the novel, with bridges of paraphrase by the lecturer from one large island of quotation to the next.

There are, I should add, some instructive perceptions in the lectures, instructive even for the experienced reader. Nabokov of course views these novelists with the canny eye of a fellow craftsman, and at times he is acute in seeing how things are put together, how the writer leads up to a particular scene, synchronizes and intermeshes different subplots and groups of characters, announces a theme and then cunningly weaves it in and out of the fabric of his fiction. Thus, it is Nabokov's practical feeling for the difficulties of assembling a complex fictional structure that brings him to the shrewd detection of what he calls the "layers" theme in *Madame Bovary*, beginning with young Charles's grotesquely layered cap in the opening scene, resurfacing in Charles's and Emma's layered wedding cake, then in the elaborately described tiers of their house at Toste, and concluding wryly in the triple-tiered construction of Emma's coffin.

This attention to the nuts-and-bolts

aspects of great novels is combined with an exquisitely tuned sensibility that sometimes, even in the inertness of the printed page, justifies the demonstrative method. That is, in some instances the illustrative passages are so perfectly chosen, the brief commentary on them so apt, that one gets a renewed and refined sense of the particular novel's special magic, as when Nabokov shows us a magisterial description in *Bleak House* of the fog rising like a curtain above the Thames to reveal a sun shining through clouds and "making silvery pools in the dark sea" which bustles with the motion of ships coming and going. Nabokov quotes a paragraph of the description, then comments for another paragraph on the visual precision, the musical felicity of what he has quoted, and on the place of the scene in the artistic economy of the novel. It is a lovely exercise of critical tact, and it communicates, as more conventionally academic analyses might not, the sheer pleasure of reading.

In any case, what chiefly makes *Lectures on Literature* a book to be cherished, despite its *longueurs* of summary and citation, is the moving sense it conveys of

what great fiction is for. Nabokov articulates here not a poetics but a metaphysics of fiction. The writer, he repeatedly proclaims, is above all else an enchanter. This insistence has a certain polemic edge, cutting against the stolidly representational function ascribed to the novel—"the epic of bourgeois society"—by most critical schools until the advent of French structuralism. But if Nabokov rejects simple representational views of the novel, shrewdly showing how even supposedly realistic novels casually flaunt the laws of quotidian reality, or invent their own laws, he does not move in the direction many readers might expect, toward the notion of the self-referentiality of the literary text so fashionable among followers today of the *nouvelle critique*. There is, as he sees it, a definite relation between fiction and reality but it is not so much reflective or mimetic as constitutive. This is the ultimate justification of his conceiving the artist as magician: the magician is someone who at once performs tricks by sleight of hand and calls things into being, conjures them up out of seeming thin air.

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may make clearer what lies behind this notion of fiction and reality. It occurs as part of a protest against didactic and documentary fiction in the compact essay, "The Art of Literature and Commonsense," which serves here as a concluding lecture and is the one perfect gem of the volume. Nabokov observes:

The writer's pulpit is dangerously close to the pulp romance, and what reviewers call a strong novel is generally a precarious heap of platitudes or a sand castle on a populated beach, and there are few things sadder than to see its muddy moat dissolve when the holiday makers are gone and the cold mousy waves are nibbling at the solitary sands.

The brilliance of the wit, the elegant interlocking of alliterative sound and cadence in order to realize the figurative scene of course constitute a counter-example of something made out of words that will stand a while in time, but I should like to call attention in particular to what is implied by the imagery. Reality, Nabokov avers at a number of points with a flourish of philosophical subjectivism, is what each of us makes of it in the darkroom of his mind. The average mind, however, being lazy or fearful or both, prefers to work

with stock concepts, prefabricated notions shared by multitudes, and it is to this tacit conspiracy of intellectual sloth or cowardice that the popularity of popular literature, from the cheapest sentimental fiction and pornography to the bogus idealism of middlebrow *posh-lost*, can be traced. The producers of such literature not only build on sand, but, childlike, with sand, slapping together what comes to hand; and their work, lacking the strong cement of imagination, is no more than seeming structure, doomed in a moment to slide back into formlessness.

Those mousy nibbling waves at the end of Nabokov's little vignette suggest what, in his view, the serious writer is faced with. The sea is ultimately an image of chaos, and chaos is an active, menacing presence, undercutting every moment we breathe with impermanence and the negation of meaning. Chaos is invoked explicitly at the beginning of the introductory lecture in a most Nabokovian refashioning of Genesis 1:

The material of this world may be real enough (as far as reality goes) but does not exist at all as an accepted entirety: it is chaos, and to this chaos the author says 'go!' allowing the world to flicker and to

fuse. It is now recombined in its very atoms, not merely in its visible and superficial parts.

The writer does not settle for fragments and random particles, building sand castles, but, on the contrary, makes his own whole out of the jumbled elements of experience; and so the aim of his enterprise is not to recuperate reality but to achieve it.

There is a complicated paradox here that can be fully understood only by following Nabokov's readings of particular novels, and especially of *Bleak House* (in several respects the best of the lectures). On the one hand, he insists on the primacy of fantasy in constituting the work of fiction; on the other hand, he clearly does not assume that any old fantasy will do, that the writer's power to make worlds out of words is absolutely arbitrary. The effect of a great work of literature, he proposes with an instructive switch of expected epithets, is "the Precision of Poetry and the Excitement of Science." Both the precision and the excitement, I think, point simultaneously to the fashioning of the artwork itself and to the materials of the world out of which it was fashioned. That is, the excitement is obviously the excitement of discovery, but this is both the discovery of the cunning interrelation of parts in the work (like the recurrence of layered things in *Madame Bovary*) and the discovery within the work of something perfectly seen that we may have glimpsed briefly and badly in our extra-literary experience (like the cloud-veiled sun silvering the surface of the water in *Bleak House*). Similarly, poetry is precise both because of the exquisite internal adjustment of its minute parts and because it uses just the right word, sound, rhythm, image to catch the desired nuance of feeling, visual value, moral relation, or whatever the case may be. If for Nabokov there can be no accepted reality for the writer to represent, literature nevertheless constantly deals with realities, focusing them, crystallizing them, giving them permanence through its power of artistic definition, which might be succinctly characterized as the architectonic exercise of bold fantasy sustained by close observation.

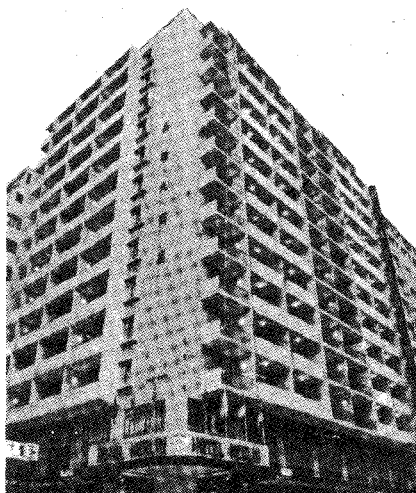
One decisive element needs to be added to this picture of Nabokov's metaphysics of fiction, and that is time. Though perhaps in any case he would have been a writer preoccupied with time, that subject was given a special poignancy and urgency by the temporal

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cataclysm through which he lived, the whole world in which he had grown up being swept away irrevocably by the Russian Revolution at the moment he was entering manhood. We all are trapped by time, Nabokov came to feel, we are all time's victims, unless we can find a way to prevail against it through art. The rodent sea, nibbling away fragile structures—one thinks of the remembered Riviera beach idyll in *Speak, Memory!* and of its transmutation in *Lolita*—might also be an image of *tempus edax*, time devourer of human things. Thus memory is an essential component in the process of artistic creation as Nabokov describes it (and hence Proust is an exemplary figure for him), but it is memory dynamically interacting with unconscious feeling, with lucid perception of the present, and with the ordering sense that produces coherent artistic form. The writer does not recapture the past but rather incorporates it into the transcendence of time's terrible flux which he experiences through his writing: "it is the past and the present and the future (your book) that come together with a sudden flash; thus the entire circle of time is perceived, which is another way of saying that time ceases to exist."

Interestingly, these climactic moments of creation engender in Nabokov not a feeling of godlike elevation but an almost mystic sense of merging with the world outside himself:

It is a combined sensation of having the whole universe entering you and of yourself wholly dissolving in the universe around you. It is the prison wall of the ego suddenly crumbling away with the non-ego rushing in from the outside to save the prisoner—who is already dancing in the open.

With all this in mind, we may better understand why Nabokov took his lectureship as an urgent occasion for demonstrating to students the supreme importance of literary art, and why he associated art not only with lucidity and harmony but also with compassion and—he does not shrink from the word—goodness. Art is man's articulate refusal to acquiesce in the reality of chaos, whether chaos is embodied in the blind rush of time, the imbecilities of mass culture, or the murderous reign of totalitarian states. It is that vision of art realized in fiction which accounts for the underlying moral seriousness, amidst all the stratagems and games, of *The Gift*, *Invitation to a Beheading*, *Lolita*, *Pale Fire*, and makes them deserve to stand with the enduring achievements of the novel in our century.

Robert Alter

Robert Alter is author of a biography of Stendhal, *A Lion for Love* (Basic Books). His *The Art of Biblical Narrative* will be published in May by Basic Books.

But it's only a trope (fiction), someone might insist, by which a writer unusually (yet uneasily) loyal to his class and regional origins gets to compose a parable version of his artist's autobiography, and to comment in only partially veiled language on the development of narrative itself: from its beginnings in primitive word manipulation intended to repel aggression; through its golden period, say the centuries from Cervantes to Conrad, when fiction beautifully balanced consciousness of the world with self-consciousness; to the dismal present, when the narrative enterprise may be foundering, as it certainly is floundering, in an excess of self-consciousness and reflexivity.

Fair enough, only *The Storyteller* is a bit too up to date as fiction for its own good. Subjectivity and self-consciousness reign to an extent that leaves almost no imaginative space to develop characters other than the tale-bearing hero, Cotgrave. We meet Ernest's aged aunt and uncle, Winnie and Percy, in their two up and two down brick row house—but only fleetingly. Ernest acquires a wife, Marion, the 30-year-old manager of a workroom in a lace factory, whom he met on the upstairs of a bus, and the marriage turns out discordant and unhappy. But what really goes on between the couple, and why she leaves him, remains vague. Or rather it remains categorical, categorical explanations being the death of the discriminations we expect and value in true fiction. That is, Marion leaves Ernest because storytellers, in their introversion and tendency to live vicariously, make rotten spouses.

Bernard Baker, the tough older brother of the schoolyard bully, is a mentally disturbed coal miner with a compulsively unfaithful wife, Eileen, and a collection of razor-edged knives and bayonets. He is out to murder Ernest after suspecting him of enjoying his wife's sexual favors. Bernard, however, remains little more than a hateful face in the pub crowd to which the storyteller addresses his improvised accounts, and a lurking shadow in the streets at night. Despite much detail and complication, the knife-wielding collier never acquires more than a phantom existence. Of course he *is* a phantom existence, as will be revealed toward the end. But by then, who cares?

When we do encounter a character with some solidity in this ghostly book we are apt to fall on his neck with cries

The Storyteller by Alan Sillitoe

(Simon & Schuster; \$11.95)

After the substantial success of Alan Sillitoe's last novel, *The Widower's Son* (1977), *The Storyteller* is something of a disappointment. Its main drawback is that it is much too tightly wound upon the armature of its narrative premise. Purporting to be the story of a 30-year career in professional storytelling, though its deeper preoccupations, recalling *The Widower's Son*, are with a man's misery in marriage and with the disintegration of the ego in psychotic breakdown, it fails to find a satisfactory way of performing the tasks of characterization, plotting, and fable-ing that are

expected from the down-to-earth sort of narrator the central character supposedly is. And, at the same time, this narrative premise—that a Nottingham working-class boy named Ernest Cotgrave, having discovered the efficacy of fiction-making in fending off and then besting the schoolyard bully, grows up to tell tales for pay in Midlands pubs and workingmen's clubs, and on university campuses and cruise ships—simply isn't believable. That sort of career just hasn't been a writer's option since the days of Chaucer, if not of Autolycus himself.

of relief and nervous joy. I'm thinking primarily of the classics professor Ernest gets to know on the cruise ship, where he is to perform his stories in the main saloon after dinner, and also move toward a showdown with Bernard the knife-slinger. Of history the professor remarks, "[It] doesn't repeat itself, it vomits all over you!" That may not be much of a joke but it seems positively hilarious after the *longueurs* of the gloom and doom of so many ghostly, unpersoned pages.

The professor, by the way, had been an artillery officer fighting in the Mediterranean Theater during World War II. Once, while firing his guns in the rhythm of classical hexameters, he discovered that his opposite number on the German side was doing the same. So the Englishman switched meters to a more rapid iambic measure and presumably blew the other chap to kingdom come. This anecdote should remind us that Sillitoe began his literary career as a protégé of the soldier-poet and classical scholar, Robert Graves, and it should also bring to mind the marvelous things Sillitoe did with artillery warfare, both as military craft and as literary trope, in *The Widower's Son*.

Another place in *The Storyteller* where material proper to the previous novel shows up is in the oblique, disjointed account of Ernest Cotgrave's bad marriage, in passages where the couple face each other across "the Siegfried line of cornflakes, sauce bottles and sugar bowl," and the children, otherwise left undescribed, get referred to as "the poor bloody infantry" of their marital conflict. Not since the Metaphysicals of the 17th century has any English author so insistently symbolized the vicissitudes of personal relations in the imagery and idiom of war and assault.

The career of Ernest Cotgrave moves toward a wrenching nervous collapse, but along the way he tells stories. How good and entertaining is he as a yarn spinner? To sketch an answer:

After the schoolyard, Ernest graduates to the pub scene and his first extended story, about his marriage, is essentially incoherent and unrealized. A second pub story, about an adulterous Nottinghamshire couple on a sneaky London weekend is notable for the vernacular verve of the writing, but it leads into analysis of the relation of tale-telling to its threatening and/or bored audience that fails to be deeply interesting. To be told that "dealing with the taunts of your audience was an extension of story-telling," and about the need to work close up to a live audience because of the "powerhouse and storage silo of their lives" merely shows the author and his contraption, Ernest, succumbing to a form of self-interviewing that we could do without.

Successive tales are of a near-drowning under pond ice at age 11 ("Every storyteller had to die and be born again"); of working in a plywood factory; of his dalliance with Eileen, Bernard's cuckolding wife; of meeting a fellow storyteller who betrayed the craft and wrecked his talent by working in propaganda during World War II (shame on J. B. Priestley *et al.*!); of storytelling to sneering, layabout pseudo-socialist university students, who appear to have escaped half-alive from a rejected episode of the British TV series, "The Glittering Prizes"; of Ernest's odd experience in being haunted by a highway ghost while driving at excessive speed on the motorway north from London. By now the storyteller is over 40 and we are meant to grasp that he is undergoing some radical dissociation of personality. Perhaps the turning point comes when a story of Bernard, the murderous miner, seems to begin telling itself, escaping the control and artistic selectivity of the teller, Ernest. When Bernard, carrying his honed blades, climbs aboard the cruise ship on which Ernest is scheduled to perform—the same ship, mark you, that carries the "author" as a silent cabin passenger—it's time to batten the hatches, or, changing clichés, to watch the scotch eggs and ham-and-veal pie hit the languidly turning public house fan.

The shipboard denouement is very complicated and as jerkily animated as an old Krazy Kat cartoon show. While Bernard stalks the decks and slips into unlocked cabins intent on may-

hem, Ernest tells the story of his misdeeds to a big appreciative audience in the saloon. The radio officer suspects something is amiss, especially as the passenger list grows shorter each day. Public challenges and accusations are hurled and there is a grand chase around the decks. Ernest and Bernard go over the side in close embrace, but only Ernest comes up and is rescued.

We know what to make of that. There never was a Bernard, only a wiggly, storytelling Ernest who dreamed him up. As a matter of fact, there isn't any Ernest either, only a silent "author" writing in his stateroom, with increasing agitation owing to his phobic fears of sea water and ocean voyaging. But of course there isn't any "author" either, only Sillitoe himself, putting together another book in a long, mixed literary career.

Alan Sillitoe is one of those writers who blows hot and cold. At his best, as for instance in *Saturday Night and Sunday Morning* and *The Widower's Son*, he is one of the two best English novelists—the other is Margaret Drabble—for telling us home truths about British society and conduct as these have evolved since about 1950. But when he is cold he goes moody, ghostly, and subjective, losing touch with significant outer realities, as in such books as *The Death of William Posters* and this new one.

I gather that there is a new Margaret Drabble out. If that isn't good either, I think I shall hang myself. Or at the very least start learning Spanish.

Julian Moynahan

Julian Moynahan teaches modern and Anglo-Irish literature at Rutgers College. He is the author of several novels and of critical studies of D. H. Lawrence and Vladimir Nabokov.

Arabia, the Gulf and the West: A Critical View of the Arabs and Their Oil Policy by J. B. Kelly

(Basic Books; \$25)

With this one book J. B. Kelly gives us a proper modern history of the peoples and rulers of the Arab half of the Persian Gulf, as well as the best account of the expansion of Saudi power over the

Arabian peninsula yet seen in print, and also a short study of the shah's Persia of deeper understanding than any other I have seen. He introduces this with two chapters on the British retreat from

imperial rule over Aden and from a looser domination over southern Arabia and much of the Gulf, and then follows all the political history with a detailed investigation of the phenomenon of OPEC—which of course far transcends the Gulf—in a step-by-step account that ends with the post-1973 price explosions and their dismal consequences.

Considering how much territory they cover, even the full 500 pages of this book are not abundant, and indeed only suffice to attain the depth and precision of scholarship because Mr. Kelly uses his words well and deploys his facts with measured care. But then no reader will ever feel the length of this work pressing upon him: Mr. Kelly is a very considerable stylist. As he explains in fine-textured detail a whole variety of subjects—in which he is often the leading if not the only real expert—he is also writing in a formidably attractive way. This book will be hugely entertaining even for those not especially concerned with its subjects.

Having once been an attentive reader of much of the literature on the contemporary Middle East and its travails, the present reviewer has more and more restricted his reading of the great flow of books constantly being published on Middle Eastern subjects, approaching even the major works with diminishing patience. In this vast and growing literature we have on the one hand the scientism, superficiality, and plain ugliness of most academic works written in the contemporary American political science style, replete with elaborate methodological constructs of little worth and writing both clumsy and obscure; and on the other, the semiliterate outpourings of participants and *engagé* observers whose one-sided accounts of relentless and anxious advocacy are devoid of humor and indeed of any sensibility not immediately self-regarding. Contrast Kelly, in a paragraph chosen at random, where he writes of Shaikh Zayid ibn Sultan Al Nihayan, ruler of Abu Dhabi, of his political and military ambitions, and of his resulting dependence on foreign Arabs to run an expanding bureaucracy:

It is precisely these qualities and aspirations that have made Zayid highly vulnerable to the carpet-baggers and mountebanks who now infest Abu Dhabi and the other oil shaikhdoms. Of the hundreds or even thousands of *émigré* Egyptians, Palestinians, Syrians and Iraqis who reside in Abu Dhabi only a minority are men of

ability and integrity whose presence confers a positive benefit upon the shaikhdom. The rest are mostly self-seekers who conspire and compete among themselves for position, money, preferment or advantage, constantly warring over the spoils which have so easily come their way, and ceaselessly intriguing to supplant their rivals with nominees or place-men of their own—Egyptians wrangling with Iraqis, Iraqis with Syrians, Syrians with Palestinians, Palestinians with Egyptians. They are particularly numerous in the local and federal bureaucracies, where they have to all intents and purposes taken over the running of the shaikhdom's and the federation's affairs. Towards the ministers who are their nominal masters they exhibit both servility and disdain, their manner outwardly fawning but inwardly mocking. Zayid's court is packed with a host of imposters, intriguers, sycophants and *flâneurs* (most of them northern Arabs), who ceaselessly jostle with one another for his attention and favour. Flattering, wheedling, shamelessly soliciting for personal ends, they swarm about the person of the ruler like so many flies, constantly striving to gain his ear and deny it to others not of their number, shutting him off more and more from his own people, and even from reality itself.

Kelly's book begins with the story of

the retreat of British power from Aden and southern Arabia in 1967 and from the Gulf a mere nine years ago. It may seem that the generic decline of Britain would have dictated that outcome in any case but in the Gulf there was the unique combination of a real treasure-house of resources, of rulers exceedingly willing to retain British protection, of minuscule populations far from anti-British, and of an opposition exceptionally feeble. Nevertheless the abandonment of the Gulf was actively pursued by the Foreign Office as an end in itself, for reasons in large part bureaucratic:

The Foreign Office had never really felt comfortable about its role in the Gulf. It had inherited the custodianship of British interests there from the old Indian political service when the British raj came to an end in 1947. The duties and responsibilities which Britain shouldered in the Gulf were more of a colonial than a diplomatic nature, a fact reflected in the designation of the British representatives there by the titles of 'resident' and 'agent' which used to be current in the Indian political service. The functions of the political resident in the Gulf, whose headquarters had been at Bushire on the Persian coast until 1946, when they were

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transferred to Jafair on Bahrain, were as much those of a colonial governor as they were those of an ambassador. He had under his command the Trucial Oman Scouts, based at Sharjah, and there were units of the Royal Navy, the Royal Air Force and (from the 1950s) the British Army stationed in the Gulf to assist him if the need arose. His subordinates, the political agents in Bahrain, Qatar, Dubai, Abu Dhabi and (up to 1961) Kuwait, bore more than a passing resemblance to the collectors or district commissioners of the former Indian Civil Service and the Colonial Service. Their roles, in short, were a kind which fitted the officers of the Indian political service more readily and naturally than they did the diplomatists of the Foreign Office, not merely because of the differences in their training and experience but also because of a fundamental divergence in outlook between the two services.

The "diplomatists of the Foreign Office" had their way, and British governments intent on the winning of large export contracts from the shah and the Saudis gave way to the prejudice and down-right defeatism of their clerks. For of course the expansionist powers of the region were not then the United States and the Soviet Union but rather Saudi Arabia and the shah's Persia, whose restricted political capacity and insignificant military worth were made good—or so it seemed—by American support. And indeed the State Department on the whole was pleased to see the British leave the Gulf on schedule, so that the "twin pillars" policy could come into effect, based on the mirages of the shah's expanding military power and Saudi Arabia's diplomatic action. In those days, and indeed until quite recently, it was the relations between the two that gave cause for concern, not the stability and true intentions of each. Mr. Kelly describes in telling detail the perverse role that the State Department played, not only in the politics of the Gulf but also in the matter of oil prices, cheerfully sacrificing the vital interests of Western oil consumers to the myth of Saudi goodwill and Persian effectiveness. Time and again efforts by the oil companies to hold the line on oil prices before 1973 (when the real though less visible damage was done) were directly sabotaged by the State Department, whose own men created the basis for

both the 1973 embargo, by proclaiming the total and impotent dependence of the West, and the post-1973 price increases, by publicizing the imminent shortage.

Diverse factors were at work in shaping the State Department's attitude, including a good deal of wholly misplaced third worldism, but Mr. Kelly provides abundant evidence of the importance of the ARAMCO public-relations machine in the process. Once an arm of US oil interests, ARAMCO by slow degrees became an agency of Saudi interests alone, and yet it retained its full access to opinion-making institutions (not least academic) and to opinion leaders in this country, thus successfully giving currency to a whole mythology in which the late King Faisal, for example, was passed off as "the greatest friend of the United States," and the Saudi oil policy as seeking moderation on oil prices. It was only very slowly that the suspicion spread that the Saudis were merely the soft players in a classic Mutt and Jeff routine meant to break down consumer resistance to each OPEC price increase. Now that there is something of an oil glut as a result of the OPEC-induced recession (with discounts of a few cents being given after dollar increases) the truth finally will emerge, for if the Saudis keep up oil production at 9.5 million barrels per day we will know that they were honest in their protestations, whereas if they cut oil production we will have proof that they were in secret agreement with the "price radicals" all along. The latest indications, in fact, are that Saudi oil production is being cut, thus restricting supply yet further, in

the wake of the collapse of Persian oil production.

Those who have tried to follow events in the Gulf as in the broader world of international oil have long been frustrated by the lack of basic information in a literature either professionally cryptic in the case of oil (try reading *Platt's Oilgram* on a wet afternoon) or else dominated by journalistic travelogues of appalling ignorance and by the PR puffery of hired hands in the case of Arabia and the Gulf. This book, by contrast, is lucid on the former and exact on the latter.

It is not with scattered recollection of petty episodes that we leave Kelly's book but rather with an understanding of the greater things that really matter, and notably the realization that the oil price disaster was caused, and is being perpetuated, by Western ignorance, wishful thinking, and weakness much more than by the still fragile forces loose in the region whence most of the oil comes. In the meantime, hundreds of millions of Asians are being driven back into deep poverty and millions of Europeans and Americans are unemployed because billions of dollars are sent each month to finance the "carnival of consumption" of the handful who inhabit the desert shores of the Persian Gulf.

Edward N. Luttwak

Edward N. Luttwak is senior fellow at the Georgetown Center for Strategic and International Studies and author of Strategy and Politics: Collected Essays (Transaction Books).

Birth and Fortune: The Impact of Numbers on Personal Welfare by Richard A. Easterlin

(Basic Books; \$11.95)

About 15 years hence, I will have a male great grandchild, who will be born in a hospital. I predict this, with qualified assurance, because Richard Easterlin has persuaded me that it will happen. It is Mr. Easterlin's somewhat troubled contention that life in the United States has, since 1940, been marked by a cyclical and more or less unalterable pattern;

that practically everything that befalls Americans, good and bad, depends on the time of their conception; and that history repeats itself. I was born at home, and my father assisted at the delivery. My children, all male, were born in hospitals. One of my grandchildren (they too were exclusively male) was born at home, with his father in

Coming:

Richard Poirier on
George Balanchine.

attendance. How in the Easterlin scheme of things, and of people, can that grandson's offspring be anything but a hospital-born male?

The Easterlin thesis is beguilingly simple. Since the start of World War II, Americans entering young man- and womanhood have alternately experienced 20 prosperous years and 20 struggling ones. Their good fortune, or misfortune, has been caused by the size of their generation compared to the population as a whole. For young adults born during a baby bust, like that of the 1930s, the economic prognosis is, relatively speaking, unalterably bright. For those born during a baby boom—the late 1950s and early 1960s, for instance—the outlook is bleak. Worst of all, there is little they can do to change their destiny. For this group, according to the Easterlin theory of predetermination, there is no fate worse than birth.

Mr. Easterlin's book, which he concedes is controversial, already has won him some unexpected notoriety. Its entire first printing of 7,500 copies was recalled and destroyed after the author, an economist at the University of Pennsylvania, noticed that some of the charts in it were garbled. (I was much relieved to learn that. In reading the adulterated version, I had been bothered by my seeming inability to grasp everything he was trying to tell, or show, me.) The author argues, in stiff academic prose—he is given to phrases like "In this chapter I shall show. . ."—that "For the first time, the national birth rate at the time of one's birth has come to play a major role in one's economic fortunes."

Why? The economic situation of young adults strongly affects their decision to have children, or even to get married. The better the prospects of a good livelihood, the better their probability of creating new life. "When a couple's outlook was exceptionally good, as in the late 1950s," he says, "marriage and childbearing were accelerated, and the rate of childbearing was pushed up. When it was comparatively poor, as before World War II and in the late 1970s, marriage was deferred, and childbearing within marriage was postponed, depressing the total fertility rate." More children one generation, fewer economic opportunities when that generation grows up. Fewer opportunities, fewer children, but more opportunities when *that* generation reaches adulthood. Mr. Easterlin tells us bluntly

that the "year of birth marks a generation for life."

What is determined at birth, among other things, is the ratio later on of two components of the working population—those individuals between 15 and 29 compared to those between 30 and 64. And the relative numbers of these groups does not merely affect their incomes. "Crime, suicide, and political alienation," Easterlin says,

are more prevalent among young adults from large generations than among those from small. So too are symptoms of psychological stress, such as nervousness and headaches. . . . Fertility, homicide, and suicide all respond to a common causal factor—variations in the ability of young persons to achieve their life-style aspirations.

Mr. Easterlin's notion of lifestyle aspirations might strike some contemporary young adults—a couple, say, who have chucked jobs in a Wall Street law firm to produce maple syrup in Vermont—as disarmingly old-fashioned. In rebuttal, he contends that most young people have traditional aspirations, and that feminism hasn't yet much changed the role of women in American society. (Most young women, he says, still want as much as anything else to bear and raise two children.) He believes also that race and geography do not much influence fertility, which is the overriding factor in his cycle. Young adults back in the 1950s who were worried about nuclear war "might have been expected to question the wisdom of bringing offspring into the world," he says. "Yet whatever its effect, the largest upsurge in fertility that this country has ever experienced was not prevented."

Indeed, he suggests that while the Vietnam War may "possibly" have been a reason for the political alienation and activism of the 1960s, the fact that the young adults of that era stemmed from a baby boom may have been more significant: they had more of their peers around than they had older folk, and "peers tend to reinforce extremist behavior."

As to the future, "The good news is that things will get better; the bad news, it won't last." The unluckiest kids in America today are the baby-boom ones born in the 1970s, who'll attain adulthood in the 1990s. But *their* children, who'll presumably be in short supply, already have it made. Maybe; with admirable academic caution, Mr.

Easterlin says that not everybody agrees with him and that he is unwilling to state categorically that everything he expects to happen actually will occur. So perhaps after all, *circa* 1995, I'll have a great granddaughter who'll be born in a taxicab.

E. J. Kahn Jr.

E. J. Kahn Jr. is the author of *The American People* (McKay) and, most recently, of *Far-flung and Footloose: Pieces from The New Yorker 1937-1978* (Putnam's).

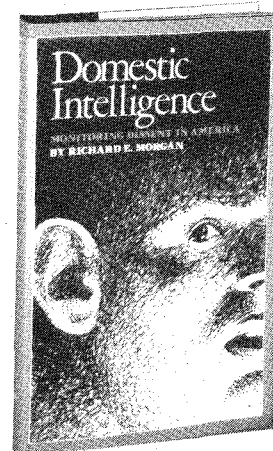
Brief Review

Literature of the People's Republic of China

edited by Hsu Kai-yu

(Indiana University Press; \$37.50)

Hsu Kai-yu's monumental anthology of contemporary Chinese literature comprises dozens of short stories, essays, poems, filmscripts, and excerpts from novels and plays. Representing the work



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of both well-known and relatively obscure authors, *Literature of the People's Republic of China* treats a variety of historical themes, including the Chinese civil war, agricultural modernization, industrial development, and the fight against the corrupting influences of urban existence. Although their artistic merits vary considerably, the selections all serve to illuminate the current state of Chinese society and will interest anyone wishing to gain a sense of the subject matter, quality, and range of contemporary Chinese literature.

Acknowledging that modern Chinese literature is inextricably intertwined with politics, Hsu opens his anthology with an excerpt from Mao Zedong's famous "Yenan Talks" of 1942, which formally established the guidelines for all literary and artistic endeavors within the communist sphere. The crux of Chairman Mao's remarks on that occasion was his endorsement of the view that politics rightly takes precedence over art and his insistence, therefore, that the writer's vocation is not to convey his personal vision of truth but to serve the people in whatever manner the party should deem appropriate. Thus, with the "Yenan Talks" the openly

dissident writer, so conspicuous on the Chinese literary stage during the turbulent 1920s and 1930s, all but ceased to exist, replaced by a new type of literary worker committed to Mao's policy of "socialist realism and revolutionary romanticism."

At its worst, literature written according to the Maoist formula is essentially propaganda. A typical story, of which the present anthology contains some examples, depicts the model behavior of a model worker who, under the party's guidance, performs "heroic" deeds on the production front. At its best, this literature incorporates elements of the writer's personal, psychological, and moral intuitions. Hu Wanchu's "Twilight Years," for example, is, in its description of a retired factory worker's struggle with the universal problem of old age, a touching piece of proletarian fiction, as is Chao Shu-li's "The Unglovable Hands."

Although literature written according to the tenets of socialist realism and revolutionary romanticism has held sway for most of the last 30 years, some Chinese writers have dared to depart, however slightly, from a strict adherence to Mao's literary blueprints. Chao Hsun's *Homecoming*, for instance, unflinchingly portrays the life of supposedly liberated villagers who, however, continue to cling tenaciously to barbarous feudal customs. And Fang Chien's "The Visitor"

boldly reveals a seamy side of Chinese urban existence in its exploration of the inner world of a young intellectual who has fallen morbidly in love with a drum singer. (The party's literary watchdogs have denounced both of these works as well as many others that appear in Hsu's collection.)

While one will search in vain through this anthology, and indeed through contemporary Chinese literature generally, for broad antiparty attacks of the sort associated with writers like Solzhenitsyn, one can find oblique criticisms of party policies and bureaucratic mismanagement. Such attacks, usually made under the guise of recounting history, may appear opaque to Westerners but actually constitute so many parabables, transparent to initiates. T'ien Han's "historical" play *Kuan Han-ch'ing* ably illustrates this method of criticism, as do Teng T'o's thinly veiled "historical" essays, whose real targets are the person, style, and policies of Chairman Mao himself. To voice even mild discontent within China's totalitarian system requires the greatest courage; it is no coincidence that the writings of T'ien Han, Teng T'o, and other critics eventually cost them their lives.

Joey Bonner

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Statement of Ownership, Management, and Circulation. (Act of August 12, 1970: Section 3685, Title 39, United States Code.) 1. Title of publication: THE NEW REPUBLIC. A. Publication number: 382020. 2. Date of filing: October 1, 1980. 3. Frequency of issue: weekly, except 1/5, 7/12, 8/9 and 9/13. A. Number of issues published annually: 48. B. Annual subscription price: \$28.00. 4. Location of known office of publication: 1220 19th Street NW, #200, Washington, DC 20036. 5. Location of general business offices of the publishers: 1220 19th Street NW, #200, Washington, DC 20036. 6. Names and addresses of publisher, editor, and managing editor: Publisher: Martin H. Peretz, 1220 19th Street NW, #200, Washington, DC 20036. Editor: Michael Kinsley, 1220 19th Street NW, #200, Washington, DC 20036. Managing Editor: Russ Hoyle, 1220 19th Street NW, #200, Washington, DC 20036. 7. Owners Name: Martin H. Peretz, 1220 19th Street NW, #200, Washington, DC 20036; Anne L. Peretz, 1220 19th Street NW, #200, Washington, DC 20036. 8. Known bondholders, mortgages, and other security holders owning or holding 1% or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages or other securities: None. 9. Not applicable. 10. Average no. copies each issue during preceding 12 months: A. Total no. copies printed: 89,882. B. Paid circulation: 1. Sales through dealers and carriers, street vendors: 1,834, and counter sales: 291. 2. Mail subscription: 82,869. C. Total paid circulation: 84,631. D. Free distribution by mail, carrier or other means, sample complimentary, and other free copies: 988. E. Total distribution (sum of C and D): 85,560. F. Copies not distributed: 1. office use, left over, unaccounted, spoiled after printing: 1,142. 2. Returns from news agents: 3,180. G. Total (sum of E and F) should equal net press run shown in A): 89,882. Actual number of copies of a single issue published nearest to filing date: A. Total no. copies printed: 104,327. B. Paid circulation: 1. sales through dealers and carriers, street vendors: 2,934, and counter sales: 350. 2. Mail subscriptions: 96,960. C. Total paid circulation: 100,244. D. Free distribution by mail, carrier or other means, sample complimentary and other free copies: 1,085. E. Total distribution (sum of C and D): 101,329. F. Copies not distributed: 1. office use, left over, unaccounted, spoiled after printing: 560. 2. Returns from news agents: 2,438. C. Total (sum of E and F) should equal net press run shown in A): 104,327. 11. I certify that the statements made by me above are correct and complete. Rhonda Davis Schoem, Business Manager.

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They say that Hollywood is a factory town. It boasts not one but two daily trade papers. Indeed, in the parlance of the Polo Lounge, the movie business is known as "the industry." But when the Pullman workers went to the barricades in Chicago in 1894, violence followed. There's been violence in labor disputes ever since. Not so in Tinseltown. Despite a Screen Actors Guild walkout which has been the longest and most consequential in history, the mood seems no more combative than a star-studded, klieg-lit press conference. And a tedious one, at that. Oh, sure, there have been occasional demonstrations in front of the studio gates. But just how seriously can you take a picket line that resembles an episode of "Hollywood Squares"? In fact, with its promise of "name" attractions, each protest brings out as many autograph-seekers and celebrity-hounds as it does strikers. Rather than tear-gassed, you get flash-bulbed. Or, as one perennially out-of-work actor put it: "I consider this strike the most important thing ever to have happened to my career. For two days, my picture made Page One. There I was, co-starring with Ed Asner and Henry Winkler." The Emmies were boycotted, too. Except for Powers Booth (of Jim Jones, "Guyana Tragedy" fame), who said upon accepting his award, "This may be the most courageous moment of my career, or the dumbest." It may also have been the shrewdest . . . as the auditorium full of producers, executives, and other potential employers rose to a clamorous ovation.

Now, I don't know what goes on in those closed rooms with the federal mediators, studio heads, and union reps. But then, no one else around here does, either. Instead, we're all prey to an unending procession of rumor—each bit of inside dope from a source more unimpeachable than the next: "The networks don't really want the strike to end, they're making more money showing reruns," claims an artists' manager. "The studios are using the strike to get rid of undesirable overhead," volunteers a laid-off sound editor who heard it from his cousin, secretary to "somebody big at Metro." Meanwhile, a lot of the business goes on as usual. Producers with exclusive studio contracts continue to draw their weekly salary; story editors take longer lunches; screen-

writers play even more tennis than usual. A TV star who lives up the hill has taken the unanticipated free time to finish retiling his swimming pool.

But for all those who continue to regard the work-stoppage as a lark, there are just as many (and on second thought, more) who can't afford to see the fun of it. These are the technicians: the grips, gaffers, boom operators, and best boys who awakened one summer morning to find themselves out of work. These are the guys whose margins are slim and whose mortgages are outrageous. For them, even a week without a paycheck is a serious matter. As for eight weeks, well. . . . They're hurting and they're scared and they're angry. A cameraman I know has spent eight years working his way up from assistant to operator to director of photography. Two months ago, he called up, ecstatic over what appeared to be his first big break—cinematographer on a low-budget horror flick. Flushed with imminent success, he went out and bought a BMW. But as the strike wore on, the investors' enthusiasm in horror films began to wane. He never made it to Principal Photography. Needless to say, the BMW is a thing of the past. All the peripheral occupations are feeling the bite: projectionists are laid off; so are drivers. And most secretaries are working at half salary; \$200 a week is no picnic when you're accustomed to four. On Sundays I play baseball with a bartender-actor (not an unfamiliar hyphenate in this town). He says there are a lot of new regulars at the tavern on weekday afternoons.

It's not that these hard luck stories are at all uncommon. In fact, they conform pretty well to the traditional price to be paid in the struggle between labor and management. It's just that there exists such a glaring difference in attitude among a single community—workers, all—in which no production has taken place for months, nor appears likely to soon begin. And that difference is best defined by a single potent phrase: profit participation. Them-that's-got-it seem quite content to sit back and watch while them-that-ain't suffer the hardships of strike. As TV's Lou Grant has made clear to us all, at issue is the glittering *terra nova* of home video and cable TV. The actors feel that they missed

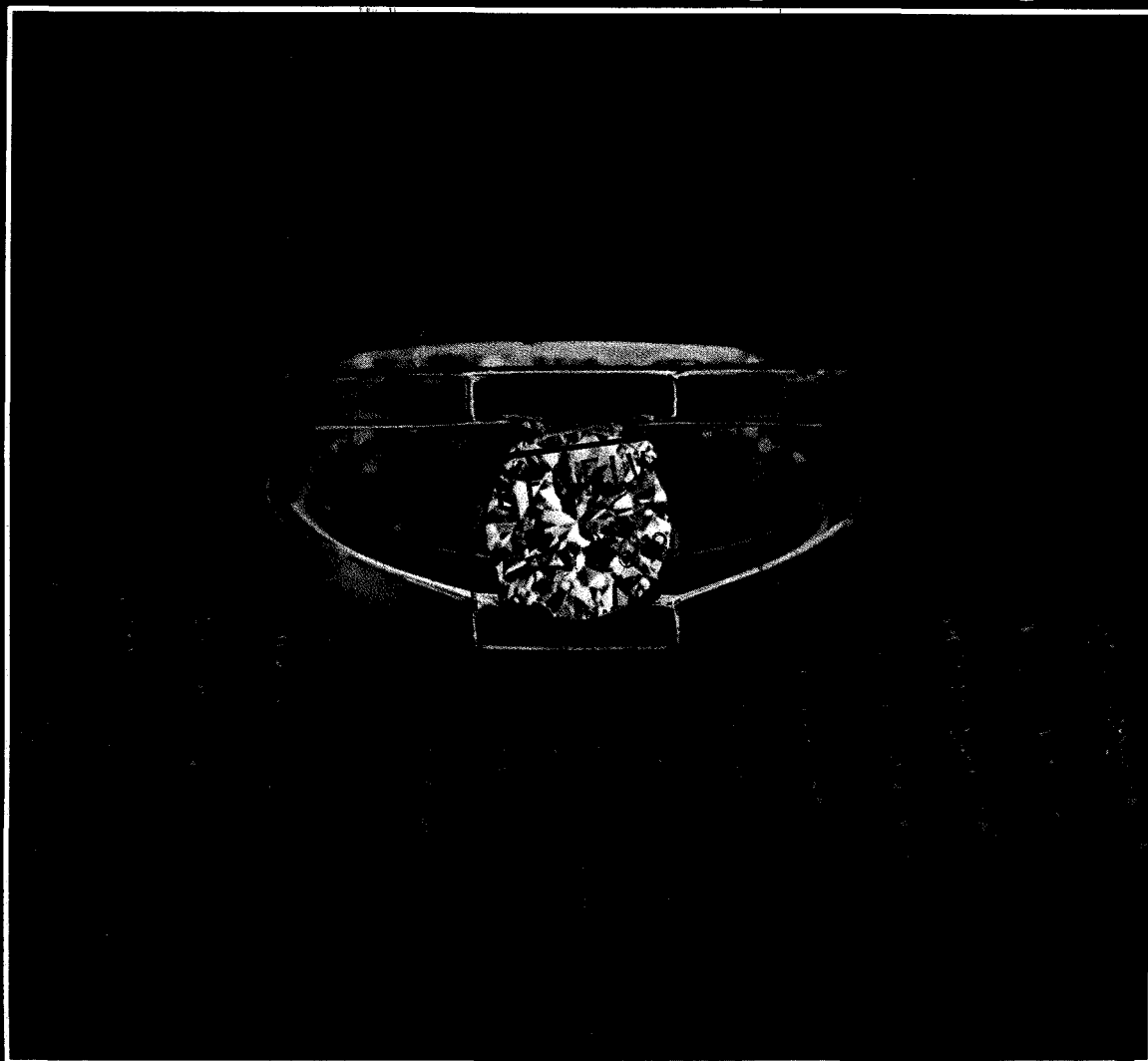
out once before (with the coming of television) and want to make damned sure it doesn't happen again. If it's anything like the bonanza of TV (pun intended), we're talking millions and millions of profit dollars which will otherwise wind up in astonishingly few pockets. The actors want in, and rightly so. But what about all those others who partake significantly in the creative process? Is an art director's contribution less worthy of a piece of the pie than, say, a supporting actor's? Without a gifted editor, would the movie lose pace, and consequently lose money? Would it look as pretty without a good cinematographer? And what about the stunt people? They risk their talented lives while all that producers ever do is find the money. (Not risk it, mind you. Find it.) And in many cases they don't even do that. Why should they get the biggest share? Carried to its logical conclusion, such rhetorical flights eventually question the most fundamental tenants not only of the movie business, but of capitalism itself.

The latest word is that the strike will soon be over. A compromise has been reached on the pay TV/home video issue—one in which the actors will indeed participate in the gross profits (but only after 10 showings or one year, whichever comes first). Neither side has yet claimed victory. There are still issues of wage increases and pension structures to be negotiated in the basic contract. And there is more than a little confusion among actors over exactly what was gained. Many were surprised to learn, for instance, that the profits in question will derive only from those shows created specifically for paid TV or home video, and not for studio movies or TV shows sold outright. At present there is very little of this sort of production around. Everyone expects to be back to work by October, and the new TV season will likely hit the tube around Thanksgiving. Across the country I imagine a collective sigh of relief—not at the resolution of a labor dispute with significant implications, but at the return of *BJ and the Bear*.

Edward M. Zwick

Edward M. Zwick worked at TNR in 1974. Formerly producer of "Family," he is a screenwriter in Los Angeles.

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